JULY 27, 1959

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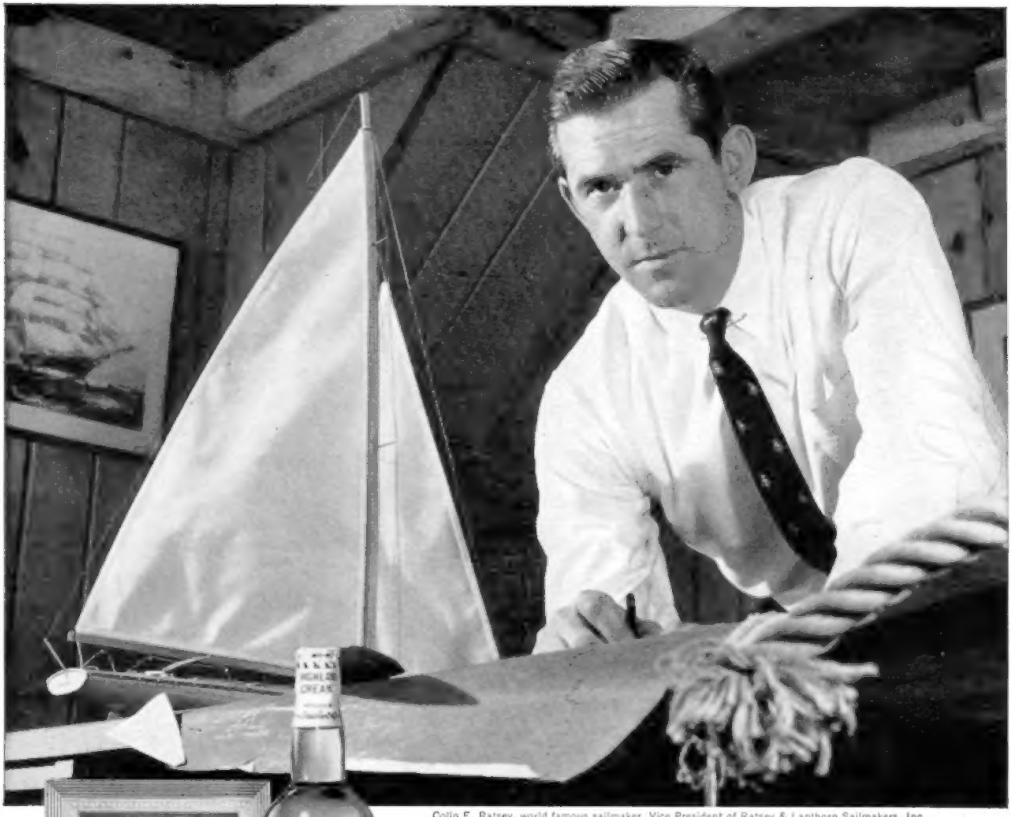

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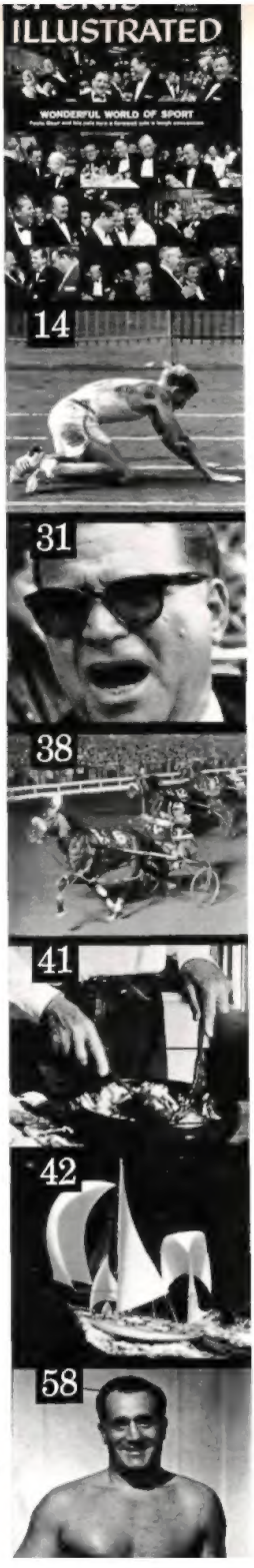
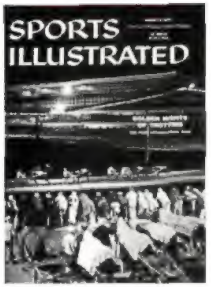
Cover: *Toots Shor and pals* ▶

The sports world's most famed saloon keeper is given a party full of laughs by some old friends. For others who enjoyed Toots's hospitality, see pictures on pages 32-37.

Photographs by Lee Friedlander



Next week



▶ Trotting's first race of international champions, at Roosevelt Raceway August 1, features horses from seven countries, a $50,000 prize. A preview by Jeremiah Tax.

▶ The Giants and Dodgers return from road trips leading the league. An intimate look at the teams and their excited fans, who root for a World Series on the West Coast.

▶ A survey of the Snipe, snappy, scrappy lightweight of the class boats, which has won worldwide esteem not only as one of racing's thoroughbreds but also for plain fun.

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Contents

JULY 27, 1959 *Volume 11, Number 4*

14 Victory with a Smile
The track meet with Russia was a wonderful and thrilling success. By Tex Maule

31 The Joys and Agonies of Frank Lane
The Indian general manager fires a barrage of colorful commentary as his team is beaten

38 The $65,000 Fiasco
The Cane Pace at Yonkers Raceway was a discreditable spectacle, protests Jeremiah Tax

41 The Salad Master
From Big Sur, Calif., Nicholas Roosevelt reveals his secrets on making summer salads

42 Transpac: Test of Boats and Men
From aboard "Nam Sang," Carleton Mitchell reports in vivid detail on the Honolulu race

58 Far Out Beyond Fitness
In the first of two parts, Stephen Birmingham takes a new look at the cult of the Body Beautiful

The departments

8 Scoreboard
10 Baseball's Week
12 Coming Events
24 Events & Discoveries
32 Wonderful World
38 Trotting
41 Food
42 Boating
50 Horse Racing
52 Charles Goren
55 Tip from the Top
65 19th Hole
68 Pat on the Back

Acknowledgments on page 8

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MEMO *from the publisher*

THE MEDIAN AGE of household heads of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscribers is 41.7 years, according to a recent survey—which is almost another way of saying that about 25 years ago, give or take a few years either way, a good million SI readers were first making the acquaintance of Charles Atlas in *The Insult that Made a Man out of Mac, It Takes a He-Man to be a G-Man* and other advertisements in which countless meek, puny, pipestem-legged creatures were transformed almost overnight into barrel-chested specimens of American manhood.

This week they will renew that acquaintance, as Writer Stephen Birmingham (*The Body Beautiful, page 58*) reclothes the leopard-clad legend in the mantle of reality.

STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

Birmingham, now 30, quickly overcame the insult that led *him* to sign up for the Atlas course at 13, and grew up to become an advertising copywriter by trade, and the author of two novels, the second of which, *Barbara Greer*, will be published next week (Little, Brown & Company, $4.50). Just to show that his dealings with the human form are by no means exclusively confined to the masculine gender, the book has been sold to Columbia Pictures, possibly as a vehicle for Kim Novak.

Birmingham can now expect to have his ear bent with every Charles Atlas anecdote, apocryphal or otherwise, that has ever been told, and I would like to start the ball rolling with my own favorite. It concerns a Philadelphia friend of some years ago, a giant of a man, who had played varsity football at Princeton and, having just lined up in the scrimmage of the business world, was beginning to worry about getting out of condition. The Atlas "only 15 minutes a day, no apparatus, money-back if not delighted" approach sold him completely, and he began to practice his lessons assiduously, clenching and unclenching his fists at his desk and flexing his legs against the office radiator. Things were going swimming ly. But perhaps the course had been designed for former 97-pound weaklings, not former Princeton linemen. One morning at about Lesson 8, he was standing in the trolley car, newspaper in one hand and overhead strap in the other, when he flexed a little too hard and suddenly pulled strap, railing, fittings and all into the laps of about 40 startled riders seated along one entire side of the car.

He never completed the course, but I must say that, to his credit, he never asked for his money back either.

Arthur Murphy

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TENNIS EVENTS

USLTA and major regional championships into October

July 27-Aug. 1 USLTA Girls' 15, Chicago.

July 27-Aug. 1 Open Lawn Tennis Tournament, Tunbridge Wells, England.

July 27-Aug. 1 Eastern Grass Court (girls), Staten Island, N.Y.

July 27-Aug. 2 USLTA Junior & Boys', Kalamazoo, Mich.

July 27-Aug. 2 Southampton Invitational Tournament (men), Southampton, N.Y.

July 27-Aug. 2 USLTA Hard Court Championships, Denver.

Aug. 2-9 National Championships (hard court), Copenhagen, Denmark.

Aug. 2-11 International Tennis Tournament, Hamburg, Germany.

Aug. 3-8 Western Canada Championships, Vancouver, B.C.

Aug. 3-8 Open Lawn Tennis Tournament and Hampshire Championships, Bournemouth, England.

Aug. 3-9 Eastern Grass Court, South Orange, N.J.

Aug. 4-8 National Jaycees, Phoenix, Ariz.

Aug. 10-16 Newport Invitational Tournament (men), Newport, R.I.

Aug. 11-16 Delaware Grass Court (girls), Wilmington, Del.

Aug. 12-15 Pacific Northwest Senior Sectional Championships (closed to members of PNW clubs), Cowichan Station, B.C.

Aug. 16-23 USLTA Doubles, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Aug. 16-23 Intermountain Sectional; Colorado Springs.

Aug. 17-23 Gulf States Championships, Baton Rouge.

Aug. 18-21 USLTA Girls' Intersectional Team Matches, Germantown, Pa.

Aug. 24-29 USLTA Girls', Philadelphia.

Aug. 24-30 Manchester Invitational Tournament (women), Manchester, Mass.

Aug. 27-Sept. 7 Pan American Games, Chicago.

Aug. 28-30 Rocky Mountain Tennis Championships, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Aug. 28-30 Davis Cup Challenge Round, Forest Hills, N.Y.

Aug. 29-Sept. 7 Colorado Centennial Championships, Denver.

Sept. 4-13 USLTA Singles & Mixed Doubles, Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sept. 7-12 South of England Lawn Tennis, Eastbourne, England.

Sept. 17-27 Pacific Southwest Invitational Tournament, Los Angeles.

Sept. 26-Oct. 4 Pacific Coast Championships, Berkeley, Calif.

Oct. 2-4 Western States Senior Championships, Salt Lake City.

Oct. 9-11 First Annual USLTA Seniors' (35) Hard Court Championships, Sacramento.

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports news from all of the week

TRACK & FIELD In [illegible] and [illegible] competition [illegible] U.S. [illegible] Soviet [illegible] Vasily Kuznetsov [illegible] Greg Bell [illegible]

TENNIS Alex [illegible] Olmedo [illegible] Australia [illegible] South Africa. The Scots [illegible] Rosewall [illegible] Rafael Osuna [illegible] Sylvia Ruuska [illegible] Carm Consoli [illegible]

SWIMMING [illegible]

RECORD BREAKERS—CONE, VON SALTZA

[illegible] Berks Collins [illegible] Chris von Saltza [illegible]

BOATING [illegible] Chubasco [illegible] Constellation [illegible] Nina [illegible]

FOOTBALL Stanford University [illegible]

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING [illegible]

BOXING [illegible]

BICYCLE RACING [illegible]

CHESS [illegible]

FENCING [illegible]

GOLF [illegible]

HARNESS RACING [illegible]

HORSE RACING [illegible]

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS [illegible]

POLO [illegible]

SWIMMING [illegible]

WALKING [illegible]

MILEPOSTS [illegible]

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[illegible]

faces in the crowd . . .

RED SCHOENDIENST, 36, second baseman who sparked Milwaukee to two pennants, returning from a two-month hold-out, was cool-domed Braves' welcome as he got work-out for first time this season.

GAILEY VANDERSON, lucky winner of last year's English Channel swim, [illegible] as first to navigate [illegible] by [illegible] and [illegible] in 25-mile [illegible] swim at Atlantic City.

BILL WRIGHT, of Seattle's 23-year-old senior at Western Washington College, became first Negro to win [illegible] golf title when he [illegible] Frank Campbell, 3 and 2, on 36-hole [illegible] at Denver.

ANN MASTEN, [illegible] SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cover girl (Aug. 8, 1955) who has shot arrows into bullseyes for three world records and a U.S. [illegible] title, [illegible] with a 35-22-35 to be [illegible] Miss Michigan.

JACK BRABHAM, [illegible] Australian, [illegible] driver [illegible] Racing Mose [illegible] British Grand Prix at Aintree, averaging [illegible] mph in his Cooper Climax, to push to a leading 27 points toward world driving crown.

WILSON HAPGOOD, jockey 17 years with [illegible] Farish, Corpus Christi, sees Lightning to 20-1 victory [illegible] [illegible] ing stakes. Jane Lathem, of Rye, N.Y., for girls' sailing title of Long Island Sound at Greenwich, Conn.

TED ROSWICK, 21, golf-playing son of [illegible] ORALY, [illegible] hockey player and [illegible] base rider, teamed up with equally athletic younger brother, Jimmy to tie for Anderson Memorial title, at Mamaroneck, N.Y.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

REDS RODE high on slugging of Frank Robinson and Gus Bell. The two combined for 22 hits, six home runs, 20 RBIs.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The white-hot **Chicago White Sox** zoomed into first place as they won seven out of 8, 18 out of 25. With an incredibly tight defense, strong pitching, best ERA in the league, speed and now good hitting (.310 BA the past month), the White Sox played as if they might not fold this time around. But a double-header loss to the Yankees cooled them off and the streaking Sox slipped back into second by a percentage point. The fire and ice **Cleveland Indians** tightened up a bit against the Yankees *see page 31* and lost three in a row (two of them shutouts). Pitching was unsteady and hitting untimely. The defense faltered around second and Billy Martin won his job back. The **Baltimore Orioles'** lack of hitting and runs (lowest BA, fewest runs scored in major) doesn't seem to mean a thing. The opposition can't score off the stingy Oriole pitchers. Last week, for example, the Orioles got 16 runs in seven games and allowed only 13. The **New York Yankees** still didn't move fast enough, despite the considerable boosting assist of the Indians' loss to Skowron at third. Kubek, playing philosophical, subpar Mantle, Berra and the punch from the lineup. Indestructible old Yogi Berra, catching nearly every game, was the team's most consistent hitter (nine for 22). The **Washington Senators** took over fifth place and moved to within a game and a half of the first division on the steady pitching of Ramos, Pascual (he won his sixth and seventh in a row) and Fischer. Killebrew found it harder to hit home runs as he got fewer good pitches to swing at. The **Detroit Tigers** lost six straight for the second time in two weeks and Manager Dykes came to a familiar conclusion. "This club lacks power," said Dykes. "Four or five times we have come up to the big game that could have set us up, and then lost it. Most of the players on this club really don't know what it's like to be in a pennant race. They aren't used to playing them one day at a time, tasting the big ones in streaks with the little ones. There's more to this game than hitting the ball or throwing it." The **Kansas City Athletics** finally got some sound pitching from both starters and relievers to go along with the best team batting average in the league and won five out of seven games. Particularly outstanding was the work of Ray Herbert. He won two close-but-complete games. Ex-Yankee third baseman Jerry Lumpe has solidified the Athletics' infield since becoming the regular second baseman. At Fenway the **Boston Red Sox** two-game sweep over the Yanks, Manager Jurges stated: "We're too good a team to have a big letdown. We'll lose some, but we'll be up there soon." The Sox immediately dropped four of their next five games.

Standings: Cleve 50 38, Chi 51 39, Balt 48 43, NY 46 45, Wash 43 47, Det 43 50, KC 40 49, Bost 40 50

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **San Francisco Giants** lost three in a row and nearly dropped out of first. But three straight wins quickly nullified all of that and the Giants pushed their lead up to three games. As long as Jones and Antonelli remain healthy, the Giants will stay in the race. They have won six of the team's last seven victories. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** sagged off considerably as their hitting attack fell apart. Sore elbows rubbed the pitching staff, too, when Danny McDevitt was shocked for two and Johnny Podres was blasted in his first start since his bad back acted up. The **Milwaukee Braves** woke up long enough to take two big ones from the Giants and then rolled over for the Cubs and Cards six times. Manager Haney got mad, juggled his lineup, changed his batting order. Nothing worked. "The way we've been playing," muttered Haney, "our toughest competition is ourselves. I'm not expecting miracles from the guys I'm putting in there. But maybe a few changes will shake them up a bit." The **Pittsburgh Pirates** suffered for want of a power hitter. Only two home runs were hit in a 10-game stretch, both by Dick Stuart. In losing three in a row, the team could manage only four extra base hits. The **Chicago Cubs** got right back up to the .400 level again by winning four straight. Hitting still left a lot to be desired, but the pitching seemed to have straightened out. Cub pitchers threw three complete games in a row for the first time in three seasons. The **St. Louis Cardinals** would be in trouble if it weren't for the strong bullpen work of Lindy McDaniel. A dependable starter early in the season, Lindy became a valuable reliever when he switched from a sidearm to an overhand delivery of his fast ball. Last week he won his sixth and seventh games in relief. The revived **Cincinnati Reds** slammed the bad word and piled up 40 runs in winning five out of seven. A changed stance made Frank Robinson the hottest hitter in the league the past four weeks: .476 BA, 7 RBI. "I quit crouching so much at the plate," said Robby, "and I started standing deeper in the box. Now I'm seeing the ball better and I'm not trying to pull everything." The **Philadelphia Phillies** also showed lots of life as the team got exceptional pitching and better defense, for a change. The pitchers came up with four straight complete games and the Phils won four of them.

Standings: [illegible] LA 54 44, Mil 54 46, Pitt 52 48, Chi 51 47, St L 48 46, Cin 48 49, Phil 44 50

STARS OF THE SEASON

	American League	National League
THE BEST PITCHERS		
Games won	Wynn, Chi 12-6	Face, Pitt 14-0
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
THE BEST HITTERS		
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Home runs	Killebrew, Wash 9 (1 per 10 AB)	Mathews, Mil 9 (1 per 12½ AB)
Extra bases	Killebrew, Wash 24	Aaron, Mil 24
Runs scored	Kraly, Det 37	Robinson, Cin 37
THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME		
Most runs	Boston 8.85	Cincinnati 5.01
Fewest opp. runs	Baltimore 4.12	San Francisco 3.92
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fewest opp. hits	Cleveland 7.65	San Francisco 8.36
Most HRs	Washington 1.29	Milwaukee 1.13
Fewest opp. HRs	Baltimore 0.87	Milwaukee 0.85

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Jensen, Bos (.306)	67	1	118
Killebrew, Wash (.269)	70	47	117
Power, Clev (.302)	63	[illegible]	93
Colavito, Clev (.286)	58	4	96
Aparicio, Chi (.280)	62	3	97
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Robinson, Cin (.337)	79	67	134
Aaron, Mil (.365)	73	[illegible]	116
Pinson, Cin (.312)	73	43	129
Bailey, Chi (.286)	56	60	116
Mays, SF (.308)	71	41	112

*Those batted in [illegible]

TEAM LEADERS

	Batting		Home Runs		Pitching	
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Chi	Fox	.333	Lollar	12	Wynn	12
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mossi	11
Bost	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11
NY	Kubek	[illegible]	Mantle	19	Ford	[illegible]
Wash	[illegible]	[illegible]	Killebrew	31	Pascual	17
Cle	Kuenn	[illegible]	Maxwell	20	Lary	17
KC	Shantz	[illegible]	Shantz	[illegible]	Bunker	[illegible]
Det	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Brewer	7-7
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
SF	Cepeda	.317	Cepeda	18	Antonelli	14-5
LA	Gilliam	.305	Demeter	17	Craig	11-6
Mil	Aaron	[illegible]	Mathews	[illegible]	Burdette	12-9
Pitt	Burgess	.307	Stuart	18	Face	14-0
Chi	Banks	.296	Banks	25	Hobbie	10-7
StL	White	.316	Boyer	17	Mizell	10-4
Cin	Robinson	.337	Robinson	24	Newcombe	9-5
Phil	Boyer	.296	Walsh	11	Roberts	8-8

Batting Statistics through Saturday, July 23

the nicest things happen to people who carry

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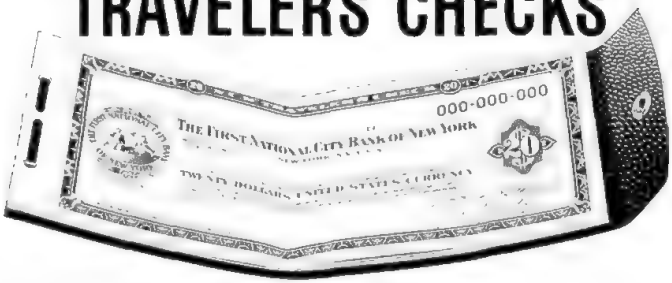

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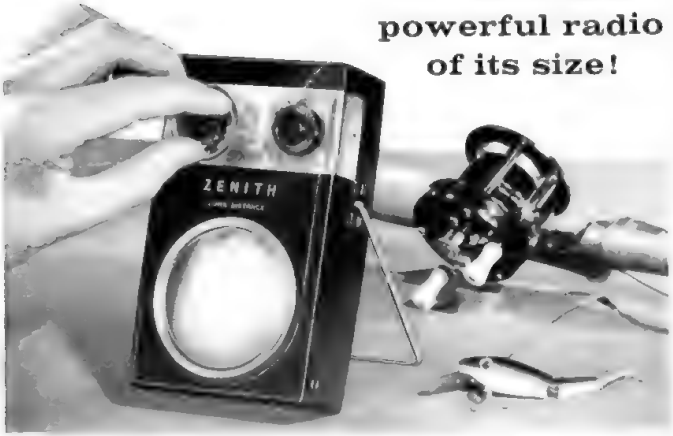

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COMING EVENTS

July 24 to July 30
All times are E D T

★ *Color television* ● *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, July 24

BOXING
● Mitteff vs. Pantoja, 10 rds., Lo[illegible]
■ 10 p.m. (NBC)

HORSE SHOWS
Pan American Int'l. dressage trials, Fairfield, Conn., through July 31
National Morgan Horse Show, Northampton, Mass., through July 26

Saturday, July 25

AUTO RACING
USAC Formula [illegible]

BASEBALL
● [illegible] (NBC)
● [illegible] (CBS)
■ [illegible]

BOATING
[illegible] Mass., through July 31
Marblehead Race Week, Marblehead, Mass., through Aug. 1
[illegible]

BRIDGE
[illegible]

HORSE RACING
[illegible]
● Monmouth Handicap, [illegible] (NBC)
● Paul Revere Handicap, [illegible] (CBS)
[illegible]
● Dixie Handicap, [illegible] (NBC)
[illegible]
Yonkers Derby, [illegible], Yonkers, N.Y.

Sunday, July 26

AUTO RACING
NASCAR [illegible], Charlotte, N.C.

BASEBALL
● [illegible]
■ [illegible] (NBC)
■ [illegible]

DOG SHOW
[illegible]

MODERN PENTATHLON
[illegible]

TRACK & FIELD
[illegible]

Monday, July 27

ARCHERY
[illegible], Pond, Orchard Lake, through Aug. 30

BASEBALL
■ [illegible]

SHOOTING
National Rifle Association Postal Rifle Matches, Camp Perry, Ohio, through Aug. 31

TENNIS
[illegible] through Aug. 1
USLTA Junior & Boys' [illegible], Meadow Brook Club, through Aug. 2
USLTA Hardcourt [illegible] through Aug. 2
[illegible], Aug. 2

Tuesday, July 28

HORSE RACING
[illegible], Yonkers, N.Y.

Wednesday, July 29

BASEBALL
■ [illegible]

BOXING
● [illegible]

HORSE RACING
[illegible], Yonkers, N.Y.

Thursday, July 30

BASEBALL
■ New York at Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)

GOLF
PGA [illegible], Meadow Brook, Mich., through Aug. 2

HORSE RACING
[illegible], Yonkers, N.Y.

WRESTLING
Pan American [illegible], East Lansing, Mich., through Aug. 1

Next week: [illegible]

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JULY 27, 1959

VICTORY WITH

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

A SMILE

In a meet noteworthy for unstinting effort, unbelievable courage and unexampled dramatics, the United States whipped the U.S.S.R. handily in the men's events, lost as handily in the women's. It proved the head and the heart of an athlete are at least as important as his legs

by TEX MAULE

SELDOM has a track meet encompassed so much of the magic of brilliant competition, the successful use of the psychological ploys which help make up track excellence and so much of the peculiar excitement attached to international rivalry.

The United States men, as expected, won rather easily, 127-108; the United States women, also as expected, lost 49-67.

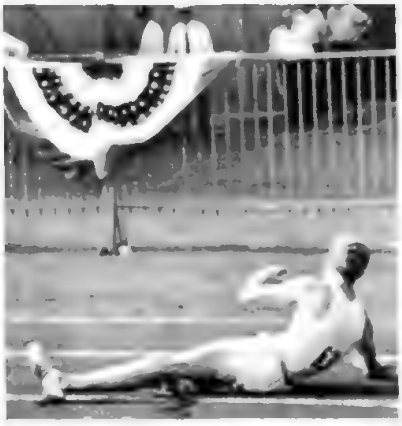
From a rich store of memories left with every spectator, a picture which must remain indelible in the mind is that of Dyrol Burleson, the astounding young miler from Oregon, winning the 1,500-meter run. It was the picture of a 19-year-old college boy smiling in victory in such a way as to demonstrate at one and the same time the spirit of friendly competition that characterized this history-making meet between the two nations and an essential difference between the makeup of the two teams. Burleson, wise enough in his inexperience to let veteran international competitor Jim Grelle decide the pace, ghosted behind Grelle, within striking distance of the fast early pace of Russians Yevgeny Momotkov and Yevgeny Sokolov, for three laps. The tall and slender youngster has a beautifully smooth stride, and he ran very easily, his face showing no strain. When Grelle made his run at the Russians, Burleson went with him and, as the two Americans came off the last turn, it was Burleson who had the greater reserve of strength and speed. He passed Grelle in the homestretch, the Russians now far behind, and he hit the tape as fresh as a daisy. He is, undoubtedly, America's best hope for the Olympic 1,500-meter run.

Yet the high point of the meet, in terms of sheer drama—and it was the shortest—came with a race which, as a contest, was a walkaway, and which is usually a fairly stodgy event: the 10,000-meter run. But last Saturday in Philadelphia nearly 27,000 people howled and groaned for some 30 excruciating minutes while track's wildest 10,000 meters spun to its agonizing conclusion.

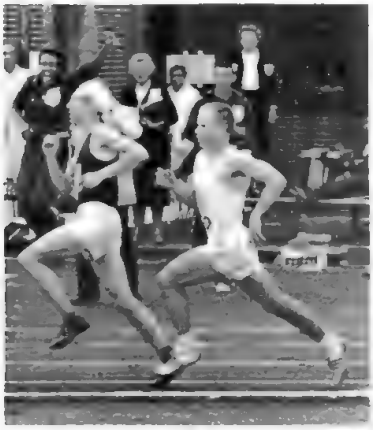
The Americans Max Truex and Bob Soth

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

FRANKLY REJOICING. Dyrol Burleson breasts tape, chest ahead of Teammate Jim Grelle in the 1,500-meter run, a sweep for United States track team.



FINISHED BEFORE THE FINISH was Bob Soth. No. 63, who led throughout the mile's latter part of the race. He faded to third. As he began gathering [illegible] starvation of the track. He ran with his body [illegible] forward. With three laps to go he moved to a wide, [illegible] from side to side, won a battle with his senses and somehow remained



FINISHED AFTER THE FINISH was Max Truex, who [illegible] to stay [illegible] with the pack. He stayed [illegible] all the [illegible]. With [illegible] appeared to be [illegible] up to go, Pyarnakivi began [illegible] Truex [illegible] and actually began to sprint. He gained about 200 yards on Pyarnakivi's second [illegible] Truex

FINISHED AT THE FINISH was Hubert Pyarnakivi, who seemed to run the last mile in a trance. His awkward stride became even more stilted, but he refused to go down. As he entered the last straightaway a teammate, Vladimir Bulatov, rushed to lend a hand. Pyarnakivi finished and was instantly hoisted away by Bulatov, who carried him to a spot next to the pole vault

runway. Several other teammates immediately shredded the shirt from

DRAMA AND PAIN IN THE 10,000

Time ran out of endurance for three of the four men in the 10,000-meter run. Bob Soth, of the U.S., collapsed with three laps to go. Compatriot Max Truex's last-lap sprint seemed to be justified when he snatched second from Russia's Hubert Pyarnaskvi, who finished, team crumpled. Max's feat, though, was dimmed by the judges' contusion.

FRESH AT THE FINISH, Aleksey Desyatchi-

SOVIET TEAM CAPTAIN AND HERO, VASILY

CAPTAIN VASILY'S FINE VICTORY

VASILY KUZNETSOV, the handsome, relentless athlete shown on these pages, is the finest all-round track competitor in the world. Had it not been for a brief, torrential rain last Sunday in Philadelphia, he would almost surely have broken his own world decathlon record. A serious, sometimes nearly somber man, Kuznetsov submitted to a barrage of questions by a host of American reporters. Asked, finally, whether he resented this interrogation, Kuznetsov smiled a rare smile and said, "No. Why else would I compete?" Whatever his reasons, Kuznetsov competed remarkably well. He won five of the 10 events; the rain delayed the last three events so that he had to rush through the finish of the pole vault, then the javelin and the 1,500 meters, run on a soggy track. Yet Kuznetsov came within seven points of his own world record.

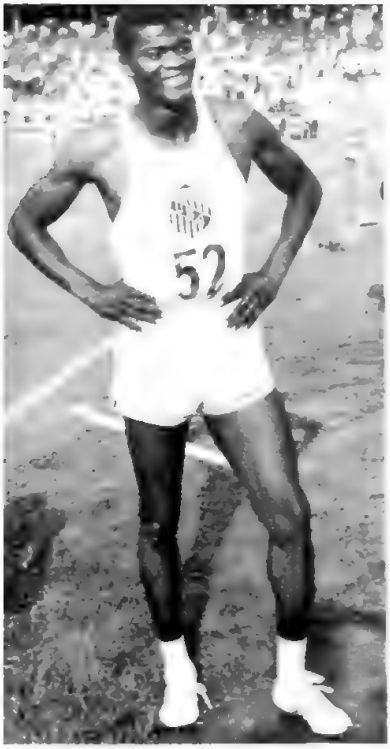
DETERMINATION shows as Kuznetsov hurtles down the runway for pole vault.

KUZNETSOV (40) LEADS HIS DECATHLON COMPETITORS OVER THE HIGH HURDLES ON HIS WAY TO A NEAR WORLD RECORD VICTORY

CALM ASSURANCE of a champion stamps Vasily's features after release of javelin.

FIERCE GRIMACE reflects Russian's all-out effort to win the discus competition.

CONCENTRATION marks Kuznetsov's victorious attempt in the decathlon [illegible]



TRIPLE GOLD MEDALIST [illegible] Ray Norton, newest to U.S. sprinting tradition.

VICTORY WITH A SMILE *continued*

had never been recorded a chance. Truex, a small, cheerful graduate of USC, had been able to train only 30 minutes a day since the National AAU meet in June because of Air Force demands. Soth, a dogged, persistent competitor, was not in the class of the two Russians—Aleksey Desyatchikov and Hubert Pyarnakivi.

But Truex and Soth, surprisingly, hung close to the Russian pair for the early laps. Then Truex, running in a baseball cap turned backward, prudently dropped out of the pace. Soth, though, stayed up with the Russian duo. Andante-wise, on the seventh lap, he sprinted into the lead, and he stayed there until the 19th. There Desyatchikov, who ran the whole race with the machinelike precision of an automaton, took over for good. He won the race so easily that most of the spectators forgot him in the dramatic events which followed.

Soth continued running very strongly for another five or six laps. He had stretched his lead over the second Russian—Pyarnakivi—and, with some six laps to go, he began to make up ground on Desyatchikov. Then, oddly, he began to lean backward as he ran. He ran a couple of laps in this strange, off-balance posture, his legs flicking out regularly with an unnaturally high knee action, and then he began to wobble. "I didn't hurt," he said later. "With six laps to go I felt pretty good, and I thought I might catch Desyatchikov. But I got awful tired. I knew I was leaning back, and I could hear the crowd yelling at me to lean forward, and I used my arms as hard as I could to keep my balance, but I couldn't get it."

Going into the 23rd lap, Soth was running with the awful, slow movements of a man in a nightmare. He hit the turn with his feet splaying out helplessly and his body at a dangerous angle, and, for a few torturous moments, he ran in one spot, his legs moving jerkily and his arms threshing with the artificial movement of a marionette. Finally, some vagary let him lurch forward, and he went on around the track in a slow, mechanical dolt's stride. His face and body were dead white and his eyes were staring, but the legs and arms kept moving until he reached the next turn, where he stepped on the curb, staggered crazily in a tight circle and fell. He crumbled precariously to his feet and fell again, his head narrowly missing the curbing curb. Then he was picked up, rushed to the locker room, then to the University of Pennsylvania Medical Center, which is only a few hundred yards from Franklin Field.

During Soth's heart-rending dance with exhaustion, Truex had dropped farther and farther behind the two Russians. But, as Soth was carried by the stretcher bearers in a shambling run out of the tunnel at one end of the track, Pyarnakivi began the peculiar shuffling, backward leaning dance which had begun Soth's collapse. Wearing a white handkerchief around his head, Pyarnakivi had seemed nearly as tireless as Desyatchikov until the telltale lean developed. He fought the now-familiar fight with total depletion of energy for two laps, while he was wobbling slowly and precariously around the track. Truex began making up ground on him rapidly. Pyarnakivi continued the macabre jog down the backstretch of the last lap well over 100 yards ahead of Truex, but Max, running very well, passed him on the last turn and beat him to the wire by 50 yards.

Pyarnakivi, unconscious by now of where he was, collapsed over the finish line. He was snatched up before he hit the ground by Vladimir Balatov, the chunky Russian pole vaulter, and carried tenderly to the sideline, where Nina Ponomareva, the discus thrower, undressed him nearly completely before she was restrained in the interests of decency. Meanwhile, Truex had started to step off the track when Horace Ashenfelter, a veteran distance runner familiar with the myriad of mistakes meet officials are heir to, advised him to run another lap for insurance. Truex, wearily, he did.

GOOD ADVICE

Ashenfelter knew whereof he advised. In a welter of confusion and poor arithmetic the judges awarded Pyarnakivi second place ahead of Truex, although Truex had clearly beaten the Russian by 30 odd yards. They did this on the mistaken presumption that Pyarnakivi had lapped Truex, which he had not. The American team manager, inexplicably, failed to file a protest on this ruling; the next day the Russians lost races on this technicality at their refusal to admit a change in the placement of Truex and Pyarnakivi. Besides, Truex said, Pyarnakivi *had* lapped Truex at approximately the 5,400-meter mark in the race. A careful check of lap times shows that at the 5,400-meter mark Truex trailed Desyatchikov and Pyarnakivi by approximately 24 seconds, or something less than 200 yards, obviously far less than he would have trailed them

ACHING FEET of U.S. Walter Lee Tu[illegible] earned him, pre[illegible]

had he been lapped. Unfortunately, the original placement stood, and Traex, who ran an admirably intelligent race that kept him well within his physical capabilities in the hot, humid weather which did in Soth and Pyarnaivi, was denied his rightful second place.

After so much excitement packed into one 30-minute race, much of the rest of the meet seemed almost anticlimactic. A great deal of the interest of the preceding and following events was in the often successful psychological stratagems of the American contestants.

Gregory Bell, a slight, 28-year-old student of dentistry who has jumped over 26 feet more often than any man in the world, accomplished that feat for the 13th and 14th times in this meet. With little chance to work out, Bell knew he had to hit his maximum effort on his first jump. "Besides," he said, "I like to get that big one on the first jump. It psyches the other guys. It psyched Shelby in the AAU. He tied up after I did 26 feet 1½ inches on the first one."

Bell followed his stratagem magnificently. His first jump against the Russians was a walloping 26 feet 7 inches, the second longest broad jump in history. It successfully psyched the Russian 26-footer, Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, who fouled three times and came up with 25 feet 9¼ inches for second place.

Parry O'Brien, who is, under the pressure of competition, the best shot-putter in the world, saved his most herculean effort for his final attempt. With a fine sense of theater, O'Brien stood immobile while the public address announcer explained that, with one attempt left, O'Brien trailed Teammate Dave Davis. Then O'Brien dropped a towel on the grass at the 63-foot 2-inch mark his own world record and, with an ear-shattering grunt, he heaved the shot out a fraction of an inch beyond that mark, setting a new world record of 63 feet 2½ inches. Then he scooped up his towel with a fine air of bravado and posed happily holding the shot over his head for a coterie of photographers.

A continuing thread of excitement which tied the meet together was the valiant attempt Russia's world record holder in the decathlon made to break his own mark. Vasily Kuznetsov was ahead of the pace which gave him the world record until a brief, torrential downpour soaked the track as the meet drew to its close.

WORLD-RECORD EFFORT leaves Parry O'Brien with a triumphant grin as he watches flight of shot which broke mark he himself had set by one half of an inch.

Needing to run the final event—the 1,500 meters—in 5:02.6 to break his record, Kuznetsov paddled around the paddly, heavy track to finish in 5:03.8. His total of 8,350 points was the second highest in history, only seven points shy of his world record.

PICTURE RUNNER

Yet another memorable picture will be that of Tom Murphy winning the 800 meters. Murphy, once criticized as lacking in tactical sense, paced himself magnificently. "I wanted to run a 54 second first quarter," he said after the race. "I hit it nearly on the nose. I wasn't worried nearly so much about the Russians as I was about Walters. When we came off the last turn I could hear someone at my shoulder and I was scared, but the race went just the way I planned it." It was Jerome Walters at Murphy's shoulder. The small courageous half-miler made his bid for the race a little late principally because one of the Russians—Abram Krivosheyev—had passed Walters on the last turn, cut in too sharply and made the American break stride. "I could have kicked on the turn," Walters said. "I still think I can beat Murphy at the Pan American Games."

Ray Norton, a tall, perfectly proportioned sprinter from San Jose State College, established himself solidly as the latest in the long line of world-dominating American sprinters. Norton won the 100- and 200-meter dashes, taking both of them easily in the floating, relaxed and beautiful burst of speed which spurts him out of the pack at about the three-quarter mark in each race. He anchored the U.S. 400-meter relay team, making an easy victory of a race which, until his final lap, had been uncomfortably close because of the ragged baton exchanges of the American team. Norton, who last year had a tendency to tighten up a little in strong competition, is now a confident, self-assured and virtually unbeatable sprinter.

Another U.S. runner who has gained much needed assurance is Eddie Southern, who won the 400 meters with a superbly planned and

continued

executed race which sent him home 10 yards ahead of Dave Mills, the other American entry. "The only thing I did wrong was to start my kick too abruptly," Southern said. "You should step up your speed gradually so that your stride isn't disturbed. I kicked too hard coming out of the last turn, and I tied up a little going into the wire."

Bill Dellinger, who had been given a good chance to beat the Russians in the 5,000-meter run, suffered from having watched the 10,000 meters on Saturday. Saturday night, in the lobby of the Warwick Hotel, where both teams stayed, Dellinger looked worried. "I wish I hadn't seen that," he said nervously. The next afternoon, waiting for the start of the 5,000 meters, he was still distraught. He ran the race overcautiously, allowing the Russians—Pyotr Bolotnikov and Alexander Artynyuk—to build a tremendous lead while he conserved his energy to make sure he did not fall out, as had Soth in the 10,000-meter. Consequently, he was far off the pace of the relatively slow 14:17.8 turned in by Artynyuk, who won, and even farther off his own maximum effort.

There were, too, some pleasant surprises for U.S. track aficionados. Ira Davis, who, like most American track athletes is relatively unfamiliar with the predominantly European hop, step and jump, nevertheless placed second against the Russians with a very creditable leap of 52 feet 2 inches. Davis, with Herman Stokes, gives the U.S. unaccustomed strength for the Olympics in this event. And Mike Herman, competing in only his second decathlon in the U.S., overcame his basic weakness in the shot, discus and javelin to score well enough to beat Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan. Dave Edstrom placed second in the decathlon and may eventually be a worthy teammate of Rafer Johnson, the injured U.S. champion. Al Oerter, the discus winner, bettered his personal best at 188 feet 9 inches, and Al Cantello, the short, deep-chested Marine lieutenant who

THOSE DARLING 'DJEVACHKI'

In the Women's [illegible] the Russian women [illegible] the U.S.S.R. [illegible] to a great extent by what [illegible] the girls represent. Russian physical [illegible] are [illegible] and [illegible] the *djevachki*, a term of endearment

VERA KREPKINA SMILED IN VICTORY

CAPTAIN TAISIA CHENCHIK WON HIGH JUMP

recently set a world javelin record, showed it was no fluke by beating the very good Russians comfortably.

The American women were, in most instances, thoroughly outclassed by their surprisingly attractive Russian adversaries. In the 200-meter dash Lucinda Williams, running like a female Ray Norton, set an American record, winning in 23.4 seconds. Isabelle Daniels was second in 24.6, giving the U.S. women the only sweep they had. The Russians won eight of the 10 women's events. Barbara Jones, in the 100 meters, was the only other American woman to win; in most of the events the women of the U.S.S.R. so thoroughly outclassed the U.S. entry that the races were virtually divided into two contests: between the Russians for first and the Americans for third.

All in all, it was a tremendously exciting meeting between teams which were very friendly off the field. The officiating and the presentation of events on the field left something to be desired; often a race would start or an Olympic champion would make an attempt in a field event without the crowd being notified of it. But the crowds on Saturday and Sunday were good-natured, knowledgeable and as enthusiastic about Russian victories as they were about American.

But the thing which, finally, gave this meet its flavor of extraordinarily determined, all-out competition was the pitting of the U.S. against the U.S.S.R. "It made it all bigger, somehow," Southern, one of the U.S. team captains, said. "You would nearly rather die than lose."

Bob Soth, who, as did Max Truex, recovered rapidly from his complete exhaustion in the 10,000-meter run, was busy taking pictures of the events Sunday.

"I wasn't running to get a point or two," he said. "I was running to beat the Russians. That was the best race I've ever run until I fell out. I'm going to step up my workouts for the Pan American meet. I'll be better then."

He probably will. END

[illegible] justified in using, were charming, a little shy and, on the whole, captivating. One of them looked a bit like a muscular Brigitte Bardot; nearly all of them were attractive, despite the fact that Helena Rubinstein has a wide-open market in the Soviet Union. Theirs was a fresh, unembellished beauty which sur[illegible] not to mention the sultry, stifling, near-90° temperature.

GALINA POPOVA IN UNIFORM OR LATER . . .

. . . IN OFF-SHOULDER DRESS WAS REAL CHARMER

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Great Moments

TWICE in the past three weeks international sport has produced moments of memorable climax. The first occurred in late June when Sweden's Ingemar Johansson sent America's Floyd Patterson hurtling to the canvas in the world's heavyweight boxing championship, and 22,000 unbelieving people rose from their seats in delirious, roaring astonishment.

The second great moment occurred last week in the Soviet-American track meet at Philadelphia (*see page 14*). It was that moment close to the end of the 10,000-meter race, when Southern California's Max Truex, on the brink of exhaustion himself, sprinted from 200 yards behind to pass a reeling-tired Russian, Hubert Pyarnakivi.

Truex's valiant effort (he had seemed nearly ready to drop midway in the race) turned out to be in vain, for he officially finished behind the Russian. But he had set the hearts of 27,000 Americans pounding in their breasts and brought lumps to their throats. Their voices, blended in an unearthly sustained roar, paid unbounded tribute to the highest form of conflict two nations can know—the clean, decent and essentially comradely conflict of sport.

Shades of Brooklyn

WE went over to Ebbets Field—you remember, in Brooklyn—the other night to see a soccer game between two foreign teams, Real Madrid and Graz of Austria. It was a lively game, lustily applauded by some 13,500 Spanish- and German-speaking fans obviously little concerned with specters, but for old Dodger fans the occasion seemed haunted—tinged with ineffable memory like a pressed rose in some forgotten book. For one thing, no effort had been made to turf the infield, and the soccer rectangle was imposed over base lanes and a pitcher's mound as impeccably groomed as though for a World Series. (*"C'mon, Newk, ya got Mantle! Now get that bum Berra . . . get him . . . get him . . . ooooooooooh!"*).

The dugouts were cleanly painted and freshly swept, and even the left and right field bullpens were as neatly manicured as ever. At one point an overenthusiastic Austrian pushed, shoved and finally kicked down a Madrileno while in pursuit of the ball, which went out of bounds. The Madrileno looked up angrily, and a whole series of ghosts came out of

the dugouts, bellowing clearly but at a pitch beyond the range of the human ear—of most of the ears present, anyway. Durocher and Stanky and Jackie Robinson and Charlie Dressen, just to name a few, surrounded the fallen player and his persecutor, and then all quietly faded away when the players shook hands, embraced each other and resumed play.

Out in center field, under the big scoreboard, a sign still said ABE STARK, and there at one end was the hole with the legend: A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES TO ANYBODY WHO HITS A BALL THROUGH HERE. The sign, of course, was out of bounds for the soccer game, but every now and then the ball would fly off in its direction. We found ourselves wondering if Abe would still come up with the suit if somebody *kicked* the ball through the hole, but alas the question must remain unanswered. Nobody did.

As we left, the game over and the lights beginning to dim, the field, despite its rough treatment by the soccer players, still had an expectant look. Would the pressed rose, we wondered, ever bloom again?

It Can Be Fun

WHY is it, a pessimist of growing girth once asked of the world at large, that anything that's fun is always illegal, immoral or fattening. One answer might be that those most interested in doing good generally make it sound so dreary. "Come on, fellows," cries the camp counselor at 5 o'clock of a clammy morning, "everyone out for push-ups"—and 10 miserable little boys dream longingly of a future of debilitation and decay.

It needn't, we are glad to report, be so, and we have the word of the Executive Director of the President's Council on Physical Fitness to back us up. "Without in any way minimizing the important place of gymnastics and formal exercise," said Shane MacCarthy in a recent speech, "it must be recognized that America is a sports-loving, sports-minded nation. In fact, the nation's culture in every definable sense includes a large

segment of sports interest, participation and devotion.

"The Council's lively interest in furthering sports participation runs the entire alphabet from angling to yachting. It includes everything from bowling and basketball to rope skipping and rowing; from calisthenics and canoeing to track and touch football and tobogganing; from gymnastics and jujitsu to lacrosse and weight lifting. The list encompasses cycling, swimming, skiing on the snow and on the water and scaling mountains; hiking, hunting, hockey and handball; fishing and fencing; roller skating and wrestling and on and on through an almost endless list of body-building, health-safeguarding and spirit-nourishing activities.

"The Council sees competition as an inevitable and generally desirable concomitant of sports. The Council finds merit in happily conceived and properly conducted body-contact sports suited to the physiological and sociological ages of the participants. Particularly, the Council stresses sports which have a carryover value and can become a rich part of a recreation and fitness program of the individual throughout his life.

"It is realized that professional athletics, conducted on a high plane, have a legitimate place in the American sports scene and can make a great contribution to youth fitness when the performers exemplify the best in execution of skills (individual and team), observance of rules and fine sportsmanship in the stress of hungry competition."

At The Y & Y

THE Yak and the Yeti is the Mermaid Tavern, the Shepheard's Hotel and the Toots Shor's (*see cover*) of the high Himalayas. The historical correlatives are alcohol, in one dilution or another; conversation, loud, nonstop and occasionally factual; and the bonds of palship.

The Yak a hairy ox and the Yeti (a hairy apparition also known as the Abominable Snowman) is situated in a converted palace in Nepal's capital, Katmandu, a city of crumbling palaces and erotic sculpture.

The host at The Y & Y is Boris Lissanevitch, a Shor-size Russian expatriate who escaped from the Bolsheviks in 1924 by blending into a touring ballet troupe. Besides refereeing the conversation and playing Victor Borge records for his patrons, Boris has found time to shoot 68 more tigers than Toots and to organize air-conditioned motor caravans from Europe to Nepal. "One place we go through in Persia," says Boris, in accents still thick with Odessa, "is a place called Bum, and that's just what it is—bum." Which shows that saloonkeepers separated by 8,000 miles use the same vocabulary.

The patrons of The Y & Y consist of French anthropologists, Japanese entomologists, Mexican broadcasters, Swiss explorers, American correspondents, Harvard ornithologists, rhinoceros hunters, zoo keepers, Yeti hunters, hikers and holy men. The talk runs heavily to dangerous sport, high adventure and gossip about people who fish for fresh water dolphin in the holy Ganges or chase 30-foot crocodiles in the swampy Sunderbunds south of Calcutta.

Just the other night, for instance, the great mountaineer Tenzing Norgay dropped in to slap mosquitoes with the boys and everyone said he looked in great shape. Tenzing demurred: "A woman knocked into me and broke my leg when I was learning to ski in Italy a few months ago." Tenzing also said that his daughters, aged 18 and 19, will be forging up Mount Cho Oyu in August with seven European women on a ladies-only expedition. This was also the night Boris showed a color film to prove

continued

that it was entirely possible to capture a baby tiger by throwing a blanket over it and then pouncing on the blanket with a dozen Nepalese beaters. "They don't know what fear is," said Boris with emotion, but it was not entirely clear whether he meant the beaters or baby tigers.

The high point of that evening was when Boris showed off his "Alka-Seltzer" gun, designed for paralyzing instead of killing wild animals. It shoots a dart loaded with curare, the

paralyzing drug of South American Indians, then water and crushed Alka-Seltzer tablets at the rear of the dart force the poison into the animal through a kind of hypodermic needle. After the animal is tied up, he has to be given a dose of heart stimulant to unparalyze him. Boris wants desperately to try out his gun on tiger and rhino but is stymied. The gun was given to him with two unlabeled bottles, and Boris doesn't know which is poison and which is stimulant.

A Day at the Races

WHAT about a bit of fishing tomorrow, James?" the visitor from the U.S. asked his County Mayo guide.

"Tomorrow, sir?" Disappointment traveled the circuit of the man's round face. "Sure, you'd be wastin' your toim out thir tomorrow," he said.

This was odd. The five shillings and free picnic lunch a West Ireland gillie can pick up for a lolling day of trolling and dapping on Lough Corrib is as much as he'll make in a week in other jobs, and James Egan is not only a man with 63 years to carry and half a dozen mouths to help feed, but one who likes his pint of Guinness as well.

"But it's the oniy day we've got," the visitor implored. "Are you *sure* we'd be wasting our time?"

"Sure, indeed, sir," said James. There was a look on his face, though, that suggest he was worrying about next week's Confession.

"And anyway," he blurted, "it's the Ballinrobe races tomorrow."

So that was it. If there is anything other than a sea-fresh salmon or a five-pound brownie that will cause a West Country Irishman to try the tensile strength of the great stone tablets, it's the whinny of a blood horse. And in truth, as much could be said for the visitor who happened to be our London Bureau Chief Robert Manning. Was it to be the fish, he now asked himself, or the horses? *Foie gras* or caviar?

"Tell the truth, now, James. What about the fish?"

"It's God's truth, sir. Thir down deep feedin' off the perch fry. We'd have to cheat with a sprat to catch one, and sure you wouldn't want to do that, would you now?"

"And the horses?"

"If you die and niver see country racin', I'll ask all my friends to pray for your soul," vowed James.

"Would you like a lift to the races?"

"Indeed, I would," smiled James Egan, so that's the way it turned out.

The County Mayo market town was hung with bunting for the day and those of its 1,300 people who weren't already at the track lounged in doorways and on street corners to watch the traffic flow in from points as distant as Dublin, and from most of the rest of the republic.

If, as seems to be the case, Ballinrobe's little jewel of a track is typical of a score of courses in Ireland, the country is not as poor as its statistics and its bankbooks say. Simple grandstands, with refreshment stand and bar beneath, held about 1,000, and the grounds along the stretch and finish line had room for another 5,000 to 10,000. Marshmallow clouds swam through the bright blue. The sun glanced tranquilly off the green grass infield and slightly browned circle of the mile-and-a-half track. A modest shack containing the tote betting system was well attended half an hour before the first race, and two dozen hand-bookies babbled soft cajolery from their enclosure in view of paddock and track.

"Evens on the gelding, evens on the gelding," cried one. Soon all two dozen echoed his safely parsimonious offer. Their hands flickered from blackboard to leather money pouches and back again to blackboards to erase or alter chalked odds.

The crowd was a typical Irish horse-going crew, tweedy, self-assured, speckled with florid faces and with eyes that seemed to know what they were looking at as they scrutinized the horses in the paddock, and with a lot of people who if not poor were plainly of the beautiful but skimping West Country land. This was a carnival day round Ballinrobe.

What marked it from non-Irish race crowds, save perhaps for the Derby Day crowd in the infield at England's Epsom, were the children. Children lined the rails. Children

They Said It

PERRY JONES, *nonplaying captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, explaining Wimbledon Champion Alex Olmedo's deplorable defection in the national clay-court tennis championships at Chicago: "I'm going to do all I can to protect him. He shouldn't have ever played this tournament. He only played because I asked him to. If we had been looking at it from a purely selfish point of view, from the point of view of the Davis Cup, we should have told him to take two weeks' vacation."*

GIL McDOUGALD, *New York Yankee shortstop, pondering the fact that Rocky Colavito's two Texas leaguers in a single game caused him to collide with outfielders: "You think that's a play Rocky's working on, trying to cripple us?"*

PAUL RICHARDS, *Baltimore Oriole manager, waxing redundant over the merits of Chicago's Luis Aparicio: "He's the greatest living shortstop of all time."*

politely wormed through tiny gaps along the paddock rail. Children waited patiently in the tote lines, or tugged gently at the sleeves of babbling hand-bookies to proffer a sweaty shilling or two. "Two to win on O'Fairwell," said a sprat of no more than 11 to a busy gentleman whose red and white poster proclaimed him to be John Brady, Turf Accountant, Limerick. "Two bob it is to win, lad," he said and turned to his sheetman. "Number Two Three Eight, two bob to win on O'Farwell."

A glance at the race card explained the large number of youngsters. Under Admission, it said: "Gentlemen, 10 shillings. Ladies, 5 shillings. Special Stile for Children, 5 shillings. Children under 14 years, 2s 6d. 35c." Irish country children learn early to know and to love the Thoroughbreds; indeed it is through horses that many of them find their way to liberation from the grudging farms and arid villages that are the only future for those Irishmen who go neither to secondary school or the immigrants' boats—which is to say the majority of Irishmen. So lads who get near horses begin early to think of riding or breeding or training or, if the Lord is especially good, to owning a Thoroughbred or two, of finding a place in that proud and tranquil way of life that the blood horse life can be.

"Look, now, Sean," a father murmured to his 10-year-old boy at paddock's side. "You can see he's a good animal. Watch how each rear foot steps out to where the front foot was. He's worked well, too. If his boy's good, he'll do." With the crowd they turned silent to listen to the loudspeaker that announced the riders. "It's Ryan on him. He'll do," said the father, and the two walked toward the two-shilling tote window.

A round, brown biddy with shawl and pigtailed daughter stopped to chat with a man and his son. "Is it yours?" she said to the man with a nod at the toe-scuffing boy.

"That he is," said the man.

"And how many is he?"

"Twilve," said the man, and, as the lad blushed, nodded toward the girl. "And yours?"

"Twilve, near thirteen," said the woman. The two young ones could barely stand the embarrassment, glanced away and bounded off with relief when the gossipers finished and moved on.

"Fred? He won't dare open his mouth. He paid $100 for that Patterson Johansson thing."

It was a dream of an afternoon, bright with sun, gentle with talk and laughter, dark brown stout and the smell of horses, keen with the neatly spaced excitement of six tight races that brought men, beasts and nature into as sweet communion as any man could ask for. Of the first five races, all but one well over a mile, three were won by a head, two by less than a length, as the animals swept down the two-furlong uphill stretch to the finish. The sixth race, two miles and a furlong on the flat, was a problem—five runners, three of them mounted by their owners, two by hired jockeys. It was between the professional riders.

"Evens on the pros," one bookie intoned, and the chant began:

"Evens on Scotch Koffee and Duranta. . . . Twelves on Luckibash. . . . Twinty-to-one on Pongo's Fancy, here, twinty to one! . . . Evens on the pros. . . ."

Was it to be Duranta, a 4-year-old filly by Dante out of Bois de Boulogne? Or Scotch Koffee, a 5-year-old gelding by Scottish Union out of Fontra II?

"The filly's too big for Scotch Koffee," said a youngster to his companion.

The other pushed back a shock of red hair and surveyed a gleaming rump with the knowing demeanor of an Amsterdam diamond cutter examining a stone. "But has she worked enough this year? We could get twinty on Pongo's Fancy. Twinty!" His lips pursed.

"Jimmy," said the other boy impatiently, "how old will you have to be before you know not to bet on long shots? Come now, it's Duranta or Scotch Koffee for us." The examination continued for a few minutes,

continued

followed by a pooling of resources and a silent trip to the bookie. "Six to win on Duranta," said the older boy. "Six bob it is to win on Duranta," sang the bookie. "Number three four seven," and handed the lad a pasteboard ticket. They scrambled to the soft green bank beside the track to watch the five great-rumped 4-, 5- and 6-year-olds drum past on the first of two runs around the track.

"What did I tell you," said the older boy with the race only three furlongs old. "Yir right," said Jimmy with a thankful finality that settled the race without adding the suspense. In the end, it was Duranta, by a photo finish over Scotch Koffee. Pongo's Fancy ran a 25-length last.

The boys ran off to collect 14 shillings. The visitor tore up his ticket on Scotch Koffee and went to find his guide. "Is it always like this, James?" he asked.

"Always, and in a hundred parts of Ireland," said James Egan, then, honest as ever, "Of course, sometimes it rains."

Signs and Science

WHEN a Bushnell Spacemaster Telephoto TV Unit with an 80-inch lens is placed in the center field bleachers and focused on home plate some 400 feet away, it is possible for the home viewer to see Yogi Berra's fingernails. Last week the Yankees were losing to the Red Sox in Boston, and the Bushnell Spacemaster was covering the action for the Game of the Week on a nationwide hookup over NBC, when Berra's fingernails began to command a lot of attention on the air. Phil Rizzuto and Mel Allen, rejoicing in the telescopic clarity of the view, told countless millions throughout the nation what the next pitch was to be. They explained that one finger projecting shyly toward the ground from Berra's mit was a signal to the pitcher for a fast ball, two fingers a curve. If Berra wiggled all his battered fingers at once, he was calling for a change of pace. What was more, Rizzuto and Allen were invariably right: the next pitch was what they said it would be. Magnificently impartial, they performed the same service for their listening audience on the signals of the Boston catcher, Sammy White.

About the only person in the whole United States who did not know what the next pitch was to be was the man at bat. Commissioner Ford Frick, who happened to be watching the game, said, "Oh, oh. I don't think this is such a good idea." He had a bleak vision of dugouts filled with television sets. He called Tom Gallery, the sports director of NBC, and notified all clubs to have protective clauses written into their contracts against the use of the 80-inch lens, and as a result it was mutually agreed that no further games would be televised with it. "Frick is right, of course," Gallery said, explaining that the Bushnell Spacemaster had been used in only eight games before, most successfully in the All-Star Game, but was destined for use in horse racing and football. Hereafter, a catcher's signals to his pitcher remain (as far as television is concerned) a sacred confidence between the two of them.

Global Trotters

FOR the past 33 years, the Harlem Globetrotters have served up a refreshing cocktail of basketball and buffoonery, seasoned with superb skill and stirred well with a slapstick. This heady formula has convulsed audiences in the 68 foreign countries the team has visited. But a fortnight ago, in the first game of a series in Moscow's Lenin Stadium, the Globetrotters found themselves surrounded by 15,000 Russians looking dour and laughing hardly at all. After the game they learned why: to the Russians, the team had taken too many liberties with the referee, a person of high esteem in the Soviet Union. The next night the program notes were rewritten to explain baiting the referee was all a part of the act. The Russian bemusement gave way to boffos.

Reverse Spanish

When Juan, Toro cut off his thrust
The crowd began to yawn,
But brightened when El Toro hooked
And made a hole in Juan.

CONRAD DIEKMANN

Not that the rest of Moscow had not already warmed to the touring Negro team which had come to Russia after seven years of negotiations. The Trotters arrived by plane and were immediately set upon by official welcoming committees, a whole corps of newsmen and 37 Russian girls bearing lilacs, lilies and goldenrods. "And we ate like kings," said Captain Clarence Wilson. "The Russians were surprised we had no dietitian and that we eat anything we want. But what really stopped us was the corn flakes I got one morning. They were served hot." "Yeah," said another Globetrotter, "they really gave us preferential treatment. And I don't mind telling you we attracted attention. Wilt Chamberlain, who's over seven feet tall, tied up that Russian traffic all over the place."

The team's visit hit the summit on a sightseeing tour of the Kremlin. As they were crossing the grounds, three black ZIS limousines threaded through a gate, and as the lead car neared the players it suddenly stopped. And out bounced Nikita Khrushchev, who shouted, jovial as you please: "Ah, basketball!"

"I could hardly believe my eyes when he came up and shook my hand," said Abe Saperstein, the owner-coach of the Globetrotters. Khrushchev, full of himself, was all smiles as he shook hands with the towering players and told them. "Basketball is very interesting, very interesting." He then noted with amusement that Saperstein, on the short side, was the boss of so many taller men. Everyone else noted with amusement that Abe Saperstein and Nikita Khrushchev are about the same height. END

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PAN AM

THE JOYS AND AGONIES OF FRANK LANE

The successful general manager of the Cleveland Indians watches his team play, vividly predicting, second-guessing and sometimes complimenting, but rarely at a loss for words

by WALTER BINGHAM

BE STILL! Do not interrupt the man sitting on the green bench. He is Frank Lane, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, and he is busy reading the nation's newspapers. He is reading what they say about his team, what they say about the other teams and what they say about Frank Lane.

This is what they said last spring: that Cleveland would be lucky to finish fourth, that the Yankees would win again and that Frank Lane was foolish if he thought otherwise. But one afternoon last week, as Cleveland prepared to play New York in Yankee Stadium, it was they who were in first place and the Yankees who were in fourth. And Frank Lane, who in the spring had told the world he had a good team, was looking not so foolish.

When Cleveland plays in Yankee Stadium, seat 1 in box 70-A of section 16 is reserved for Lane. It is located beside the Indians' dugout, within easy shouting distance of the players. On this muggy, overcast afternoon, however, as the starting pitchers warmed up, the seat was empty. The lineups were announced to the large weekday crowd. The National Anthem was played. The game began. Seat 1 remained empty.

Photograph by Jane G. Zimmerman

BENCH SITTER LANE squints in the noonday sun as he scans one of a pile of sports pages to keep abreast of baseball news.

The first three Indians had gone out and the Yankees were preparing to bat when Frank Lane appeared. He was dressed in a black suit, with black shoes and socks. He wore sunglasses. Over one arm he carried a tan raincoat. Under the other arm was a pile of newspapers. He placed his raincoat and newspapers on the roof of the dugout and sat down. He greeted a plump Stadium guard who sat on a wooden chair beside him.

"I don't know why we bother to bat in the first inning," he said. "We've only scored 10 times in the first inning all season."

Two Yankees went out. Mickey Mantle got up. "This guy's hurt," the guard told Lane.

"I know," Lane replied. "But even on one leg he scares you." Mantle singled to center. Lane stroked his chin. "We're in trouble," he said.

Yogi Berra walked on four pitches. "Now we're in real trouble," Lane said. But Hector Lopez grounded out and the first inning was over.

As the teams changed sides, the guard mentioned the game played two nights before. The Yankees had beaten the Indians 1-0. "We gave it away," Lane told him. "If Held doesn't hesitate before coming home, we score. If Score doesn't walk Ford, they don't score."

Tito Francona led off the second inning with a single. Up came Rocky Colavito, Cleveland's home run hitter. There were many cheers from the crowd.

"Rocky's relatives," explained Lane cheerfully. "He's got 35 of them. Come on, Rocky. Hit one." But Rocky flied out.

Catcher Ed Fitzgerald batted next. "When this guy was with Washington he used to slice the ball to right field all the time. With us he tries to be a pull hitter." Fitzgerald grounded to shortstop for a fast double play.

"Nice going, Fitz," Lane yelled across the infield. "If Fitz were a rookie, they'd straighten him out quick. But because he's been around 12 years nobody dares say anything to him."

A slight man in the adjoining box introduced himself to Lane. "I'm Lou Holtz," he said. Lane recognized the old vaudeville star and nodded.

"I'm with you," said Holtz, puffing on a cigar holder. "I'm sick of seeing the Yankees win."

In the Yankee second, Norm Siebern led off with a walk. "That's a good way to get beat," Lane told Holtz. "A helluva way."

Tony Kubek hit a ground ball near second. Mike Baxes, a big Greek with powerful forearms, picked up the ball, stepped on the bag and lobbed a throw to first. Kubek beat it easily.

Lane turned to the guard, then to Holtz. "Did you see it, did you see it?" he shouted. "A sure double play and he screwed it up. That was a Spokane play. We're in trouble."

Gil McDougald singled to center and Kubek raced to third base. "See," said Lane, rubbing his chin, "we're in real trouble. A Class-Z play."

Lane readied himself for the explosion. But Ditmar, the Yankee pitcher, hit the ball to third base. It was thrown to second and on to first. The double play got the Indians out of the inning.

Lane beamed. "McLish has the heart of a lion," he said.

The Indians went out in order in the third. On the scoreboard the White Sox led the Red Sox 3-0. "That's a good team," Lane told Holtz. "Good speed, good defense and the best manager in baseball."

"Better than the man in Baltimore?" Holtz asked.

"Richards is good, but he isn't as well rounded as Lopez," Lane explained. "I ought to know. I worked with Richards."

The Yankees came to bat. Bobby

continued on page 56

THEY ALL WENT TO TOOTS'S

THE infectiously happy faces on the cover of this issue (identified at right) are toothsomely redolent of the most famous sporting saloon this country has ever known. They represent *top* names who constantly crowded into Toots Shor's—a rendezvous that served for two decades as a monument to sport and booze.

In point of fact Toots's place was not really a saloon at all but a dignified and imposing three-story brick restaurant and cocktail bar on New York's glittering West Side, and at the time of the banquet Toots had just sold it for a cool $1.5 million to make way for what is to be the world's biggest hotel. But even with a million bucks in his pocket, this big, boozy boniface could not think of his place as anything but a saloon. "What is the favorite drink in your establishment?" he was asked once, and the answer came swift and sure: "Booze."

Since opening up in 1940, Toots has played raucous host to the greatest figures of the sports world and its close relative, the world of show business, as was the fashion for barroom bouncers who struck it rich in the spacious days of Prohibition. Gradually, however, the expansive world of Toots's hospitality spread out to include the worlds of arts and letters, of church and state, of fashion and folly and just plain people.

As the album reproduced on this and the following five pages plainly shows, Toots's friends included not only press agents but Presidents; not only gladiators but glamour girls. In Toots's memory book, there are journalists and justices, actors, attorneys and acrobats, playwrights, pugilists, ballplayers and bassos, politicians and patricians, plainclothesmen and Best-Dressed Women, anybody, in short, whose name ever appeared in a gossip column or an editorial page and most of those who read them.

Toots Shor's was the place where you were apt to see anybody because Toots knew everybody. Most of them well, many of them anyway were there at the final binge in the old saloon to help him close its doors and to instill in Mine Host enough boozy reverie to last until he can throw a door-opening affair at his new location some months hence.

ALBUM OF SPORTS AND TOOTSMEN

Photo taken at age 4 won "handsomest" title for Toots in contest with buddy Phil Harris.

"Four Presidents have called me 'Toots.' That's something," says the benign boniface, shown here with John Hersey and Ike.

THE MERRYMAKERS ON THE COVER

1 [illegible]

2 [illegible]

3 [illegible]

4 [illegible]

5 [illegible]

6 [illegible]

7 [illegible]

8 [illegible]

9 [illegible]

10 [illegible]

11 [illegible]

12 [illegible]

Sinatra and Toots played game of "one-upmanship" at festive Joe E. Lewis dinner. Toots got "pie-eyed."

Toots chats with Norman Tishman, Harry Treeman, Arnold Grant and Storekeeper Andrew Goodman

"Here I am," says Toots, "with some gal, Jock McLean, Vic Ghezzi and the Duke of Windsor."

Matrimonially minded Toots chooses with Regis Van Cleave manicure, waits, it spells doom

Cardinal Spellman joins the Toots Shor ménage at a charity lunch with Mickey Mantle.

Stuart Millar, Helen Hayes meet at Toots Shor's after premiere of Helen's movie version

Marciano pitched for Toots in charity ball game with Leo Durocher's sandlotters. Joe Louis contributed as the umpire.

"These are two of the greatest Americans," says Toots of Clyde Tolson, J. Edgar Hoover

Friends of long standing, Toots clutches Herman Hickman and Jack Dempsey.

In 1944 campaign Toots electioneers with James Mead, Stuart Symington, Robert Hannegan, Sinatra, Clinton Anderson.

Joe DiMaggio watches his first Series ('46) as spectator along with Toots, George Raft, Durocher. "DiMaggio is greatest," says Toots.

Toots [illegible] Herbert B. Swope and George Jessel [illegible]

"Eddie [illegible] is the finest athlete of our time because he does everything so well," says Toots.

Jim Braddock and Max[illegible] Joe Gr[illegible] and Toots at Joe Lewis camp, 1938, [illegible] and Schmeling [illegible]

Not all Show [illegible] are to be made. Here's Toots with Paulette Goddard and Loretta Young.

***"This guy was the best right-hand hitter who ever lived,"** says Toots of Rogers Hornsby.*

Ike's prewar honor box: Wm. Aldrich, La Guardia, [illegible]

Shor was friend and adviser of Presidents [illegible] presidential advisers as General Bedell Smith, Bernard Baruch.

Toots and Baby, his wife, get together with their best friends, Mark and Gladys Hellinger

Toots [illegible] of friends, "Tuffy Spaatz was one of the toughest generals I ever knew."

Colossal trio of baseball greats includes veterans Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, fan Toots Shor.

The $65,000 fiasco

One of harness racing's major events of the season is turned into a discreditable spectacle

THE simple, appealing idea behind horse racing is to discover which is the best horse. What makes it interesting—and worth betting on—is that on a particular day, Horse A may be the best, and on another day Horse B may be the best. That's all there is, really, to horse racing, and to most sports when you come right down to it—Who is best on a given day?

Now every so often, in these complicated times, this basic idea is either forgotten or ignored by the people who stage horse races. On such occasions, the idea of the promoters becomes: How can we get the greatest number of people to attend our horse race?—or, more to the point, perhaps: How can we assure that a very large amount of money will be bet on our horse race? In other words, and to put it bluntly, the horse race becomes a means for making money, without regard to its sporting aspects.

Only the most naive, of course, will cherish the notion that sport and business can be completely disassociated, or even that they *should* be. Horse races and other sporting events must be presented attractively to the public, so that people will attend and there will be money for prizes, to pay the salaries of the athletes involved and to provide a reasonable profit for the promoters. But when business supersedes sport altogether, it is time to call a halt, and such a time came for harness racing at Yonkers (N.Y.) Raceway last Thursday with the presentation of the annual Cane Pace for 3-year olds. The Cane is no ordinary race. It carried a purse of $65,000 this year, and it is the first leg in pacing's triple crown, which also includes The Messenger Stake and the Little Brown Jug. Surely this is a race in which the prime object should be to determine the best horse.

Fifteen pacers went to the post in the Cane, on Yonkers' half-mile track, requiring a two-tiered start, eight in the front row and seven behind. This is a disgraceful situation. There is not enough racing room for 15 horses and sulkies on a half-mile track, the stretches are too short for a true test of horsemanship in such a field, the public is denied the opportunity to bet intelligently and the drivers are subjected to the very real risk of serious accident in such close quarters. Stanley Dancer, who was driving High Walter in the race, said: "I've just become the father of a nice baby boy and I'd like to spend some time with him before I get killed on a race track."

"Even if I win by five lengths," said Joe O'Brien, driving Meadow Al, "I'd say this is not a horse race. There's Adios Oregon out in 15 post position in the second tier. A lot of people think he's the best horse in the race. Well, they'll never find out tonight—he doesn't have a chance to show his real ability."

"Into the valley of death rode the six hundred," said Del Miller as he got up behind Adios Day. Every driver in the race—the Cameron brothers, Johnny Simpson, Clint Hodgins, Tom Crank—and all knowledgeable horsemen echoed these sentiments.

The fact is that the Cane went off without an accident. But it is likely that only the presence of the most skilled drivers in the sport brought about this happy result, and even the very best drivers cannot avoid trouble when a gaited horse decides to act up. Finally, though a good horse, Adios Butler, and an expert driver, Clint Hodgins, won the race, it is still true that the Cane was not a fair contest. From start to finish it was a mad scramble.

Where does the fault lie for such a fiasco? Track spokesmen claim that horse owners enlarge such a field by entering mediocre animals, hoping that luck will bring them a share of the purse. This is certainly true and to be deplored. But the ultimate responsibility belongs to track management. According to Trotting Association rule, a track may split a race into divisions when the field exceeds 12. The Cane should have been raced in divisions—eight and seven horses each, with a race-off to decide the winner. Perhaps the option on the size of fields should be taken out of track management's hands entirely. It is a subject with which New York State's incoming Harness Racing Commission should concern itself, instead of wasting time on rules barring children from race tracks. END

HOMESTRETCH CLUTTER of horses and sulkies jams the Yonkers track as Adios Butler No. 6 leads other 14 pacers to the wire after a mad scramble in the Cane Pace

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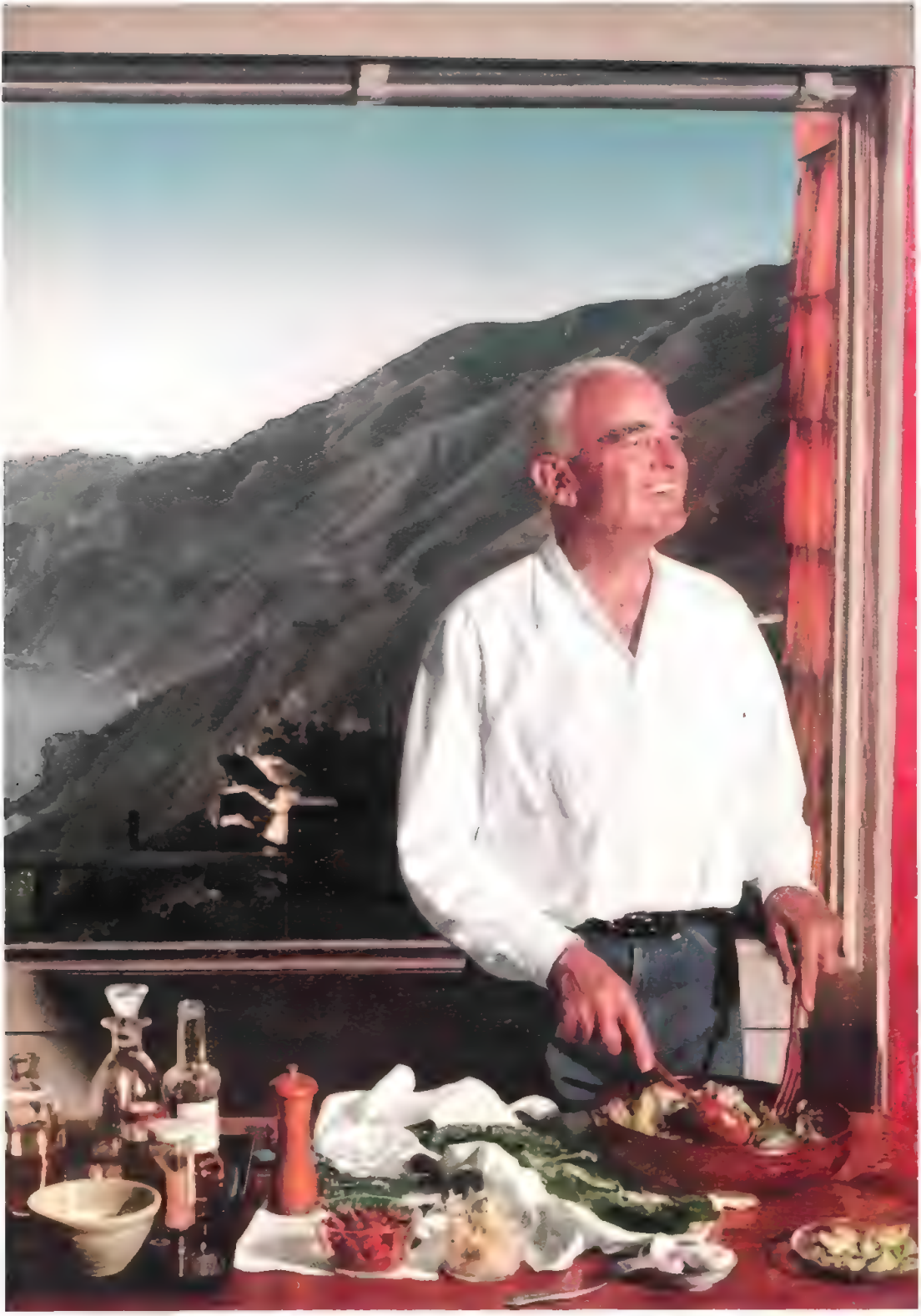

The Salad Master

Nicholas Roosevelt, experimenter, has a new approach in the art of making dressings

IT is regrettable that much nonsense has been written about the making of a salad dressing," writes Nicholas Roosevelt in his new book, *Good Cooking*, soon to appear under the aegis of Harper & Bros. "Many of us were brought up to believe that this was an awesome process, calling for a mixture of witchcraft, audacity, ingenuity, and sternness of character."

Mr. Roosevelt, having read all the authorities and studied the mystique of salad making from every quarter, finally cracked out a few classic and conflicting advices on the matter and worked the thing out for himself. The consequence is a fascinating chapter in the new book, due in September, his first cookbook, *Creative Cookery*, was published in 1956, and in a larger sense a truly original contribution to the art of cuisine.

I spent a day recently with Nick Roosevelt and his wife Tirzah at Point of Whales, Big Sur, Calif. in their falcon's nest of a house perched on cliffs above the knife cut of the famous Big Sur Road (California 1) that skirts the sea headlands from Carmel to San Luis Obispo. They moved here to stay in 1946, when he left his job as assistant to the publisher of the *New York Times*. The vital, intellectually inquisitive and extremely able Roosevelt (his father was a cousin of TR), having had a wide-ranging career as diplomat, journalist, conservationist, author and lecturer on world affairs, now finds outlet for his talents in playing the cello and experimenting with cookery. "Since we moved into this house, we've had to do all our own cooking," he told me, "so we've had a lot of freedom." He thinks nothing of the distance they must go to obtain supplies; in this remote and rugged location, all the household groceries are fetched once a week from Monterey, 29 miles away.

Roosevelt estimates that in a dozen years' time he has made dressings for at least 3,000 salads. He has arrived at a basic French dressing and a basic mayonnaise, each designed for preparation before mealtime and each to be adapted by putting in small amounts of additional flavoring according to what foodstuffs are to be used in the salad. "Variety," he says, "is the key to salad success. I use my basic French dressing on greens served alone, but vary the dressing, perhaps with chopped herbs, to use on a raw or canned vegetable. If there are two salads to be dressed with mayonnaise, I might add onion juice to one of them to vary the taste."

Here are some of the specifics (salad recipes *see column at right*) that I have found to be not only work savers but spellbinding taste discoveries:

BIG SUR COAST falls away in breathtaking panorama beneath the kitchen where Nicholas Roosevelt has assembled oils, vinegars, seasonings, vegetables and greens for making salads.

BASIC FRENCH DRESSING

(Dresses salad for 6 to 8 people)

Mix in bowl:
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger or dry mustard
- ¼ teaspoon Spice Island Basil Seasoning Powder (a small pinch of pounded dried basil can substitute)
- ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate (sold as Accent, Aji-no-moto, etc.)

Add
- 2 or 3 drops garlic juice, from garlic squeezer

Add, mixing
- 1 tablespoon white wine vinegar, tarragon-flavored if possible

Then add
- 4 to 6 tablespoons of oil (olive oil and one of the bland, commercial vegetable oils, mixed half and half)

Beat thoroughly with a rotary beater.

ADDITIONS TO BASIC DRESSING

For tomato salad

Add a tablespoon of chopped fresh basil and chives and the mashed or riced yolk of a hard-cooked egg before incorporating the oil. Prepare tomatoes by skinning, halving lengthwise and then cutting each half into third. Cut out all core, discard pulp and seeds. Pour dressing over the remaining strips of tomato, and sprinkle with chopped white of hard-cooked egg.

For water cress

Add ½ teaspoon soy sauce to basic dressing.

For Kidney bean and beet salad

Prepare one can each of these vegetables by draining and rinsing thoroughly to remove the "canned" taste. Quarter the beets and dust with dill salt (put up by the House of Herbs) or powdered dried dill. Combine beets and beans. For each cup of vegetables, add at least one teaspoon finely grated onion (also parsley and marjoram, if desired. Chill before serving.

BASIC MAYONNAISE

With chicken, fish, vegetables, etc., this amount serves 8

In top of mechanical blender put:
- 1 raw egg, both white and yolk
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon white wine vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- ½ teaspoon Basil Seasoning Powder (or pinch of powdered dried basil)
- a few drops of garlic juice

Have ready
- 1 cup olive oil and bland vegetable oil, half and half

Pour:
- one fourth of the mixed oil into blender. Run machine for 15 seconds. Slowly add rest of oil, running the blender for a few seconds after each addition.

This quick mayonnaise will last a week in the refrigerator.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

A rough ride to Honolulu

The 1959 Transpacific race impressed a noted Atlantic skipper with its severity. Here is his thrilling account

It is 4:55 p.m., July 4th, and *Nam Sang* lifts to the restless swells of the open. Far to leeward lies the tip of Santa Catalina Island, a plume of cloud drifting like smoke from the highest of the sere-brown hills. The spectator vessels which have followed this far salute us with a blast of horns and sirens, for it is also a moment of triumph as we round first in fleet. Astern, a long procession of receding white triangles stretches toward the California mainland, some already lost in the gathering haze of late afternoon.

As we see past the offshore rocks the spectators drop away one by one to return, to a snug harbor for the night. For us and our fellow competitors there is only lonely ocean ahead, more than 2,000 miles of it to the first cliff Honolulu Newest boats *Cadenza*, a powerful yawl but sailing without a mizzen. Perhaps she found under the shore of Catalina the same sea-wash which wrecked *Nam Sang*'s deck, to bury the life rails as we passed, savage blasts of wind funneling through the valleys. Behind *Cadenza* are other vessels of our class—*Jade*, *Skeeter*, *Criterion*—and well up among them the speedier *Kialoa*, which has gone magnificently since the start. *Escapade* and *Good News* are well back, while the monster of the fleet, *Goodwill*, towers among a group of sails difficult to identify.

It is hard for a newcomer to realize the great concentration of boats of all types based in the Los Angeles area—there are 5,000 by actual registration moored in Newport Harbor alone—and everything afloat seemed to have come to watch. Patrol craft darted and helicopters hovered, chivying strays back into the herd. At noon the cannon fired, and we were away as one class, big and little starting together.

As near as I could tell it was *Chubasco* and *Criterion* of the larger boats which got the start. As had been predicted, the wind was almost dead on the nose for the western end of Catalina. Most of the fleet short tacked under the Point Fermin beach; *Escapade*, first to come out on starboard tack, seemed to be ahead when she tacked back, but suddenly from far inshore the 49-foot *Kialoa* of John Kilroy appeared to cross everyone, a masthead genoa drawing beautifully.

Gradually *Nam Sang* worked through the leaders, finally crossing on a long hitch to the Catalina shore as Sailing Master Ed Grant declared he knew a groove where the wind always blew—which it did, setting us on our ear in one willwaw. And now, as I finish this log entry before my first wheel trick, a veil of clouds is sliding [illegible] *Cadenza*, only boat in sight, holds up to windward as *Nam Sang* reaches at well over 7 seaworthy course. We of the crew stand along the weather rail for many cross-wise slashes and heavy spurts. A lumpy sea rolls in from the west. Spray curls over the bow and spatters on deck. Occasionally the genoa scoops. San Clemente Island fades out the port quarter, our last sight of land.

Monday, 5 July, Noon. Position (*Cadenza* 1:0, 33 minutes north, longitude 123°, 29 minutes west. Run last 24 hours, 155 miles.

We reached through the night first under genoa, then under balloon jib, then back to genoa, roaring along at better than eight knots. Coming on deck for watch at 3 a.m., before dawn, I wondered if I was in the wrong ocean—it was more like a transatlantic passage than my notion of a transpacific sail, with a chill damp creeping through thick clothes, reminiscent of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Yet my shipmates had me out of good cheer. Sunshine and warm fall breezes lie ahead. "Bucket baths on the foredeck on the fourth day," is the prediction. Pacific weather, apparently, plays by the script. Sailing almost athwart the great circle and rhumb-line courses, the shortest route to Honolulu, is the Pacific high, one of the world's dominant semipermanent pressure cells. To sailors it is sea and solid as a mountain. It grandstands instead of atmosphere. It may move within fairly fixed limits either north or south, east or west, but always its slopes air flows clockwise in approximately a 15° spiral. The higher the pressure, the steeper the mountain and the harder the flow of wind. Unfortunately, however, at the center there is no wind at all, and woe betide the vessel which gets becalmed in the stagnant eye. As a rule of

continued

AUTHOR MITCHELL [illegible] aboard *Nam Sang* find the Pacific fierce too.

WIFELY BUSS IS GIVEN TO WINNING SKIPPER GRANT

'NALU II': VICTORY ON A KNIFE'S EDGE

FOR THE ENTIRE FLEET of 41 yachts, the 1959 Transpacific race was a memorable test of boats and gear and, necessarily therefore, of men. Few competitors did not have trouble of some sort. Most serious was the transformation of rigs. *Goodwill* changed from schooner to ketch when her main-topmast came down in an awesome tangle of gear, while *Cloud Nine*, wiped clean of rig, was metamorphosed from yawl to sampan. Blown sails, fatigued fittings and splintered spinnaker poles were the lot of nearly all. *Nalu II* snapped both spinnaker poles, one twice.

Most admirable was the finish of *Skylark* without assistance. At 9:10 a.m., 14 July, when 385 miles from Honolulu and within handicap allowance of a top position, the permanent backstay fitting failed, and the mainmast carried away in a jagged break beginning some six feet above the deck. In little more than an hour the crew managed to lash the remaining spinnaker pole to the stump, and *Skylark* was making better than three knots toward Honolulu. Later, by resewing sails to fit, her speed was lifted to almost six knots.

Despite difficulties, *Goodwill* finished first in fleet, 16 minutes after midnight Honolulu time Wednesday. *Chubasco*, scratch boat of Class B and next across the line at 05.18:15, began the painful vigil of sweating out her time on *Nalu*. "*Chubby*" had a passage phenomenally free of failure. Only once did she have so much as spinnaker trouble, despite riding through a squall which developed into a miniature four-hour gale, with average velocities of 35 knots, and puffs up to 50.

While she was not officially in the race, the 46-foot catamaran *Aikane*, sailed by Owner Ken Murphy and Designer Rudy Choy, distinguished herself by finishing 17 hours ahead of *Goodwill*. She failed by seven hours to break the course record, due to light winds in the earlier stages.

Far astern in distance but running neck and neck with *Chubasco* on a handicap basis, the crew of *Nalu II* was working feverishly. Before the race, Owner Peter Grant and his brother Joe, the navigator, had laid down on a chart a composite of the courses sailed by *Nalu* and *Staghound* in previous races, as well as the tracks of other successful boats. Plotting in curves of average wind direction and force from past daily reports and weather bureau statistics, two points were established as significant: latitude 30° north, longitude 125° west, and 25 north 140 west. Boats following this path seemed likely from the record to enjoy the most reliable winds. So it was agreed in advance that the strategy of *Nalu* would be to come as close to these points as developing meteorological conditions permitted. In the words of Joe Grant: "On this race we saw no reason to change." She passed within a mile of the second point. Here, as roll call reports indicated more wind to the north, *Nalu* swung up to finally get on the great circle route, jibing several times to take advantage of each wind shift.

After *Chubasco* had finished, Joe calculated *Nalu* had to average seven knots to Diamond Head to save her time. Earlier in the race she had been handily ahead of the fleet on handicap, but had fallen into a calm hole to drop to seventh. Now at the most crucial stage the wind once more lightened. Down dropped the Kenyon speed indicator to six knots, then to five; but it responded to fervent prayers and again crept back up the scale, reaching eight and better. One crew member summed up a tense two days by commenting, "Our spirits were directly proportionate to the Kenyon."

For 36 hours *Nalu* sailed on the knife edge of her handicap, averaging almost exactly seven knots, keeping within seconds of victory or defeat, depending on each puff. But for *Nalu* the malevolent Molokai Channel was kind. As she entered, the wind freshened. After two consecutive Class C victories and moving from third over-all in 1955 to second in 1957, Peter Grant and his crew had achieved well-deserved victory.

"CHUBASCO," SECOND, HAD A NEAR WIN

Nalu, in turn, had to sweat out *Debit* in Class D, and for a short while it was theoretically possible that the smaller boat might still come through. But progressively the wind lightened, and when the tallies were in *Nalu II* became unquestioned champion of the Pacific, winner of Class C and the Governor of Hawaii Trophy. In final fleet standings, *Chubasco* was a gallant second as well as winner of Class B, and *Debit* third over-all and first in D, dividing the top honors evenly between the smaller classes. And, speaking well for the time allowance system, *Constellation*, which finished first in Class A, dropped to 10th in the over-all scoring.

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thumb, navigators try to stay at least 300 miles from the middle, a trick made difficult because the high not only moves capriciously but far faster than a sailing yacht can evade. Therefore the rhumb line is a dangerous gamble.

Ed Grant, veteran of five Transpac races, not only favors a southerly route—it paid off for *Nam Sang* in 1957 with a first in class—but believes in getting down without delay. Last night we steered 180°, despite a rhumb-line course of 239°. Thus, at the 8 a.m. roll call, *Nam Sang* was the most southerly yacht in the fleet. Our playmates of yesterday—*Chubasco*, *Good News*, *Criterion* and *Kialoa*—are bunched some 30 miles nearer the rhumb line, while *Escapade*, holding even higher, is over 60 miles above our position.

Somehow I suddenly realize the vastness of the Pacific when a fleet can scatter so quickly after the start. And, more than in any other race I have sailed, I have the impression of the ocean being an immense chessboard, where individual pieces are moved in relation to the prognostications of the meteorologist and the positions of competitors as revealed by daily radio reports. In a sense, strategy can be more important than sheer speed through the water, equalizing the chances of all. It can be a thinking man's race—provided his crystal ball and rabbit's foot are also in good order.

Wednesday, 8 July, 4th day, 8 a.m. Latitude 27°, 40 minutes north; longitude 130°, 15 minutes west. Run to date 810 miles.

Somewhere along the line a seat-of-the-pants hunch told me this was going to be a tough race, and things are shaping up that way. In fact, with barely a third of the distance sailed, *Nam Sang* is a badly crippled ship, and things could get worse.

The spinnaker work started on Monday at 7:10 in the morning, a somber gray day of low rolling clouds and misting rain, when we set the new No. 4. Ed Grant decided he liked the old No. 3 better, so we changed. Within minutes it blew out, and up again went No. 4. It lasted until shortly before dawn yesterday, when the seizing of the head swivel parted. The heavy No. 2 was broken out while repairs were effected, and since then we have made a couple of other switches for patching. Now this morning comes a bad wrap, cleared only when Frank Atkinson was hoisted to the top of the 74-foot mast to slide down the headstay, unwrapping with one hand while holding on with the other, a real feat in a following sea.

Then at 3 o'clock this afternoon we of the watch below were turned out. There had been a sharp ping from under the binnacle, and it was discovered that all three arms of the bronze rudder quadrant were cracked nearly through. Before the boat went completely out of control an emergency tiller was fitted—a long curved pipe extending the length of the cockpit. *Nam Sang* suddenly ceased being a lady. Two men wrestling together at the helm could barely keep her on the straight and narrow. While a task force of engineers headed by Chuck Sherrill removed the quadrant and consulted, the rest of us sweated on the tiller in 15-minute shifts. Finally it was decided to construct triangular braces from the flukes of a high-tensile steel Danforth anchor, and so through the afternoon and into the night under floodlights electric drills whirred and hacksaw blades disintegrated as braces were fashioned and fitted. Another real feat, which few crews I have sailed with could have accomplished.

To keep the deck force amused, about 7:30 the head swivel again pulled out of the No. 4 spinnaker. Again the sail was retrieved without serious damage, and the No. 2 set. Shortly after, a shift of wind dictated a jibe. A nasty cross-sea then made it impossible to steer except by switching to a balloon jib.

At midnight, with prayers, the quadrant was fitted. Gingerly, wheel steering was restored, and soon a spinnaker was set. All seems well now, but for the rest of the passage we will have to pamper the helm, which will be difficult if wind and sea increase, as seems likely. But anything is better than steering with the "wagon tongue," as Bill Halpenny, our hard-driving port watch captain, dubbed the emergency tiller. He can bring us into line by the mere threat.

Yesterday the weather map showed the high-pressure cell squeezed into the shape of a gigantic hot dog by a low to the north. Today the high has been split into two parts, one cell over Hawaii, the other near the California coast. In 1957 a similar situation resulted in light fluky conditions. This time there continues to be wind aplenty, now with a southerly component in it.

The fleet has spread amazingly. Far ahead *Goodwill* and the 46-foot catamaran *Aikane*, an unofficial competitor as the race is open only to single-hulled yachts, are battling for the lead near longitude 133. Astern the schooner *Corahleen*, trapped the first night in a Catalina calm, brings up the rear with a reported position of 123°. With *Escapade* far to the north and the Australian *Anitra V* to the south, there are boats scattered over an ellipse of ocean 200 miles deep and 500 long.

Without radio contact there would be little feeling of a contest. Yet by knowing that *Chubasco* and *Criterion* are not too far over the horizon ahead, we are racing them rather than the impersonal hands of a clock.

This morning I worked with Navigator Bernie Palm on the daily Transpac radio routine. First, the Coast Guard escort *Dexter* broadcasts coded weather data from which a map can be constructed, showing the location and intensity of highs and lows, the character and progress of fronts and the lines of equal barometric pressure, called isobars, along which wind flows. Afterward a roll call is held by the *Dexter* in which the fleet reports position and weather conditions. Thus, every day every skipper has information to prepare his own forecast of wind strength and direction, and knows the position—granting occasional lapses by error or intent—of his rivals. Having now experienced the excitement and the feeling of mutual assistance possible through use of the radio telephone, I'm loth to go back to the Atlantic system forbidding transmission except in emergency.

Friday, 10 July, 6th day. Latitude 26°, 12 minutes north; longitude 137°, 9 minutes west. Distance run 1,205 miles.

Out of luck and out of spinnakers. This morning witnessed the demise of three chutes in succession after Chuck commented last night, "We're pacing ourselves well—halfway and three spinnakers to go."

The No. 4 expired before daylight when, because of babying the quadrant, *Nam Sang* went partially out of control, tobogganing down a steep sea. The spinnaker collapsed and refilled with a bang. The No. 2 got

continued

away from the [illegible] crew while being lowered to clear a [illegible] aloft and split being towed alongside. The No. 1 [illegible] sail simply disintegrated as soon as set.

To [illegible] repair it [illegible] seemed impossible. Nonetheless, the main cabin was transformed into a sailmaker's loft. Stone Eastman lay on his stomach across the table, feeding acres of cloth [illegible] sewing machine as Bruce Hatchens [illegible]. Others helped. [illegible] was [illegible] on deck, and by 8 p.m. the No. 2 chute was again aloft, complete with reef pleats and a drape shape. "I [illegible] the tear," says Bruce, but it is a good strong [illegible] and setting well. Again *Nam Sang* is moving at somewhere near maximum efficiency. Nobody has stopped racing for a minute. Once again I am impressed by the ability of West Coast yachtsmen to make do and keep moving.

[illegible]

Gorinas' [illegible] Since Saturday tropic trade winds [illegible], flying fish weather, with deep blue seas rolling up astern, a deep-blue sky above and the bursting wave crests as white as the puffy cumulus clouds. The sun is hot on bare shoulders, and a warm moon lights the way by night. Never have I experienced more wonderful sustained conditions.

We are going down [illegible] the best sense. *Nam Sang* lifts as each sea slides under the counter, poises for a moment, then shoots ahead like a surfboard, speed indicator jumping and bow wave flaring high. Rhythmically we roll, and each plunge takes us nearer Diamond Head. This is Pacific sailing as I had imagined it, and it is wonderful, a real sleigh ride.

Yet certainly it is not easy. *Good* [illegible] of Friday lost her main topmast when a heavy backstay hook of forged steel straightened out. Reporting [illegible], she can no longer carry her enormous gollywobbler and [illegible] topsail, and [illegible] *[illegible]* [illegible] 9 days 10 [illegible] 10 seconds [illegible] 1953 [illegible] Race [illegible] Sailing Master Don Douglas Jr., who worked hard improving the [illegible] vessel. And, even worse, the [illegible] *Cloud Nine* of Class C is totally dismasted, losing her [illegible] at the deck. She is being towed by the *Dexter*.

Other casualties will undoubtedly be reported. Never have I seen a more consistently confused sea, with wild little strangers from afar always running across the wind-generated waves. Steering is undoubtedly difficult for everyone. And there is sustained [illegible]. So [illegible] encountered [illegible] serious squalls. These, according to report, still lie ahead. And the legend of the Molokai Channel grows rather than diminishes as we near.

We [illegible] are not out of the race [illegible], although [illegible] is a constant mental hazard. Periodic [illegible] and several [illegible] but we are not [illegible]. When [illegible] ens and the sea builds beyond a certain point [illegible] in the event of a knockdown following steering-gear failure. Nor do we [illegible].

[illegible] as Saturday [illegible] has opened [illegible] almost 100 miles, and [illegible] *Good* [illegible] taking a flyer far to the south, but still seems [illegible] handicap at the bottom of Class B with [illegible] hours allowance [illegible], looks in a very strong position for [illegible] *Nam Sang*, which won Class C in 1955 and 1957, and [illegible] winner with a third and second in fleet [illegible] near the top [illegible] *[illegible]* [illegible] er boats it is difficult to say. Yet it appears to me [illegible] that the race should go to a hard-driven low-rated boat in Class C or D.

[illegible]

It [illegible] Molokai [illegible] to port, a storybook landfall with Oahu [illegible].

Since the last entry [illegible]

MAINSAIL DIPS AND CREWMEN SPRAWL AS 'NAM SANG' TOBOGGANS DOWN HEAVY SEA

"Teaching team play to your kids"

by Don Drysdale

Don Drysdale
Ace pitcher of the Los Angeles Dodgers

"In baseball, championships are won by teams, not individuals" from the helpful new booklet offered free to parents, written by young Don Drysdale, pitching mainstay of the Los Angeles Dodgers.

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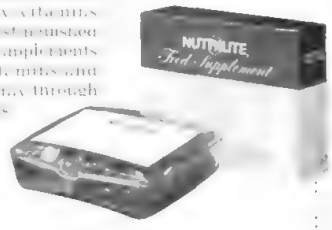

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A MAJESTIC PACIFIC SUNSET SILHOUETTES CORNER OF 'NAM SANG'S MAINSAIL AS SHE SLIDES ALONG ON RARE CALM EVENING

two hectic days. Low gray overcast patterned by ragged squall clouds blotted out the sun and tropic feel on Monday, while wind and sea built. By dark the starboard watch was having a wild and hairy ride, with wave crests lifting above the transom, and the sheets prolonged and difficult to manage. At 10 p.m. we of the port watch were turned out to help retrieve our precious spinnaker. The Swedish hook of the lazy sheet had flipped clear of its mate—one third of the passage to let go—and the sheet to the end of the main boom had been cast off, so the sail was fluttering like an enormous flag ahead of the pole, held by the jack. Finally getting it down, a genoa was set flying in its place.

There being little time remaining before our own watch began, we stayed on deck until watches again changed at 3 a.m. Thankfully I crawled into my dear snug sack, the port upper in the after stateroom, to be awakened exactly an hour later by a large segment of the Pacific Ocean coming into the bunk with me. An unusually heavy lurch had buried the starboard deck to the lower lifeline, and the return roll had neatly decanted a solid wall of water through the skylight. Funny as hell to my watchmates—characters with unmatched senses of humor!

Fresh winds and even fresher squalls held until almost noon Tuesday, when a more regular pattern to the seas permitted the setting of a spinnaker. Since then conditions have steadily improved, despite occasional anxious moments wondering just how much punch the overtaking squalls might be carrying.

The captain's dinner last night was a gay event. Champagne was broken out on deck, and we toasted Bob Robbs, skipper of *Nam Sang*, the most cheerful owner to ever watch a wrecking crew disintegrate gear. Never on any passage have I laughed so much or so much sailed for fun. Every disaster had its lighter side and brought forth the appropriate comment, including Chuck Sherrill's radio report of our major troubles: "This is the Mechanized Marvel signing off." And part of the happy ship stems from the galley, where Elaine Grant and Les Bartlett have produced superb meals, hot and on time. Last night, 10 days out, we dined on Dungeness crab cocktail, prime ribs of beef with all the trimmings and plum pudding with hard sauce. Another feat, for 17 in a very hungry crew.

Once again I am impressed with the dedication of ocean racers. Far from the gallery, applause or any tangible reward, every man—and woman, worked to exhaustion and beyond, purely for personal satisfaction. As Ben Collins said a couple of days ago, "You couldn't pay people to do this." Regardless of individual compulsion, offshore sailors meet on a common ground, and I have felt myself fortunate in sailing with a few and getting to know others of the Pacific. A king-size ocean, all the way round.

We boil along on the homestretch with clear skies and sparkling water, while Oahu lifts above the horizon. *Nam Sang* is entering the storied Molokai Channel—and I find, according to official definition, there is no such thing, the passage between Molokai and Oahu being labeled Kaiwai Channel on the chart. But it will remain the Molokai in my memory, as it does to all Transpac sailors, a final hurdle which greets us with cresting seas and fresher wind. *Nam Sang* rolls deeply each way, windward and leeward, and the final spinnaker jibe will be anxious. Yet after 2,000 miles it is only more sailing, a final exhilarating sleigh ride.

Now Diamond Head is clear, and there is the buoy which marks the finish. Small boats are coming toward us. We look curiously toward the land. For us the race is over. Despite our disasters, we have finished well—third in Class B on elapsed and corrected time, we later learn—and we can feel that the dizzy whirl of welcomes which now begins is well deserved. END

BOLD PLAN FOR PEACE

You'll find a bold and challenging idea in the new issue of LIFE—a proposal for helping America wage peace more effectively. Commander Frank A. Manson, U.S.N., suggests that the U.S. withdraw ships from mothballs to create another White Fleet (white for peace and helpfulness) that would demonstrate modern health, welfare, education and agricultural methods to underprivileged peoples of the world.

Teddy Roosevelt organized the first Great White Fleet in 1907—a fleet of 16 warships that sailed around the world to demonstrate America's growing power. The 1959 version would have a more humanitarian purpose and would include a hospital ship, a floating school and TV studio, a surplus food ship and service vessels.

This week's LIFE gives major visual impact to this imaginative concept. In nine pages of paintings, drawings, photographs and text you'll learn why the New White Fleet is so necessary, how it would operate, and exactly what you can do to make this great mission of mercy a reality for the unfortunate peoples of the world. As an American—as a human being—you'll want to support this great project. Read about it in LIFE this week.

A GREAT, NEW IDEA
in this issue of

LIFE

HORSE RACING / *Whitney Tower*

Bargain hunting for horseflesh

In Kentucky next week the first of the summer yearling sales will put future champions on the block for a lucky few

IN THIS COOLED PAVILION OF THE BREEDERS' SALES CO. IN

EXPERTS ESTIMATE, and conservatively at that, that only three out of every five Thoroughbreds born ever get to the starting gate. Only one out of five ever succeeds in winning a race, and one out of 10 may eventually win a stake race. And yet, in the face of these discouraging odds, hundreds of newcomers join the ranks of owners every year. To satisfy them in the furiously competitive game of equine supply and demand, nearly 20% of the 9,000 Thoroughbreds born annually pass through the sales ring in a yearling auction.

Yearling sales have come a long way since the first accurate statistics were compiled over 10 years ago. Back in 1949, for example, in an era when most sales were private, over-the-fence deals, only 550 head passed through a regular auction ring. They averaged a piddling $325 per horse. Last year 1,783 yearlings went through U.S. sales rings, costing their buyers $8,953,550, or an average of $5,021.62.

Beginning next week in Lexington, Ky. the auctioneers expect that 1959 will bring a new record in their total annual sales. And the country's two major auction companies already have reputations tough to beat. Lexington's Breeders' Sales Co., which conducts its 16th annual auctions July 27, 28, 29, still holds the mark: 235 yearlings in the 1957 sales averaged an amazing $11,789 (the 145 colts in that sale averaged an even more amazing $13,667). The Fasig-Tipton Company, whose swankiest sales will be held at Saratoga August 10-14, hopes to surpass last year's average of $8,671 for 240 yearlings, while at Del Mar in California on August 3 and 4 the progressive California Thoroughbred Breeders Association, whose sale is also conducted by Fasig-Tipton, figures to top the 1958 figure of 90 head going for an average of $7,111.

DIAMONDS AND HARD BOOTS

Each of these two major companies is as different from the other as is the diamond-studded lady who attends the one from the hard-boot ex-jockey who is a ringsider at the other. Fasig-Tipton Company, headed up by bespectacled Humphrey Finney, conducts its Saratoga business in an atmosphere which combines Royal Ascot and Deauville with all the potential wealth of the Thoroughbred industry in a gay holiday mood. The Saratoga race meeting is in progress during August. It draws people with money, and Fasig-Tipton graciously relieves them of large bundles of it.

In the enclosed air-conditioned pavilion of the Breeders' Sales Co. in Lexington are to be found horsemen from all over, ranging from the local farm managers through packed rows of bankroll-bulging Texans and bargain-hunting Californians. The majority of eastern owners prefer to send an agent or trainer to Lexington.

Those who go to Saratoga's sales go for both the sales and the fun. Those who go to Lexington go strictly on business, for no other U.S. sales have managed to satisfy their customers with so many major winners in so brief a period.

Item: Of the slightly fewer than 900 horses which have earned over $100,000 in the entire history of American racing, no fewer than 86 were bought at public auction at the Breeders' Sales Co. Keeneland ring. Some 29 of these have already won over $200,000 (a figure reached by only 18 horses who changed hands one way or the other through the Fasig-Tipton Co.).

Item: Since 1945 four of the winners of the Kentucky Derby (Hoop Jr., Jet Pilot, Dark Star and Determine) were acquired from the Keeneland ring.

Item: Although no horse has won racing's Triple Crown since Citation did it in 1948, the Breeders' Sales Co. scored a unique "triple crown" victory in 1954 when three of its sales products—with a total purchase value of only $45,300—won racing's three major classics. Determine ($12,000) won the Derby; Hasty Road ($23,100) the Preakness, and High Gun ($10,200) the Belmont and the 3-year-old championship.

Item: At the 1956 Keeneland summer sales Trainer Sherrill Ward paid a world record $63,000 for a yearling filly for his patron, Mrs. Josephine Bay Paul. They named her Idun. To date she has won $329,842, 2-year-old filly honors in 1957 and the 3-year-old title last year.

And there are plenty of other bargains, too: Oil Capitol, a $15,000 purchase, won $580,756. Clem, for

LEXINGTON, KY. NEARLY $3 MILLION WILL CHANGE HANDS FOR SOME 315 YEARLINGS

whom Mrs. Adele Rand paid only $8,100, won her $235,606. The great sprinter Decathlon cost but $15,500 at 1 year, won $269,530, and the 1955 Garden State winner Prince John cost only $14,300.

The lure of latching on to any such bargain among the 315 yearlings going under the hammer at Keeneland next week will attract potential buyers from every financial level.

To prepare for their arrival Breeders' Sales Co. officials have been hard at work all year. One of the toughest jobs was eliminating all but 315 of the original 675 who were nominated for this sale by March 1. The process, conducted by Executive Vice-president George Swinebroad and General Manager B. J. Evans, is not simple, for can it ever hope to satisfy every local breeder.

GRADES ARE IMPORTANT

First step in the process of elimination and selection is to grade each entry A, B or C according to pedigree. "The A grade," says Swinebroad, "includes yearlings with an impeccable pedigree. These are by top sires and out of the best mares, either stakes winners themselves or having produced stakes winners or winners of top class. In the B grade we usually find older sires that are possibly on the downgrade, or young sires who have not quite established themselves. The latter's B category must still be near the top. The C grade is almost an automatic throw-out. When we do take a C yearling, such a one must be almost perfect in conformation."

From the paper-work chores the Breeders' Sales Co. crews go to the field to inspect each yearling for soundness, conformation and general health.

After selection each yearling is examined by a veterinarian, and a second examination is mandatory 10 days before the sales. If the animal is found to be unsound at either of these inspections he is automatically withdrawn. "On the whole," says Leslie Combs, who for 19 straight years has been the leading consignor at the Keeneland summer sales, "Keeneland is still the best buyer's market to be found."

The Breeders' Sales Co. usually has a strong hold on its consignors and doesn't like to see them stop the team. Most of them never try. Formed out of necessity because of restricted wartime travel in 1943, the company held its first sale in 1944, taking over where Fasig-Tipton left off. Actually the Breeders' Sales Co. is a nonprofit cooperative as well as being a corporate partner of the Keeneland Race Course. Today there are 8 voting members of the cooperative and 205 contract owners, who have agreed that all their horses for sale (except horses in training) will be sold exclusively through the company for a period of 10 years. One contract holder admits that he might prefer to sell at Saratoga but that his 10 years aren't up yet. "At the beginning," he adds, "the 10-year idea was a good one because we had to be sure of some money coming in so as to build up the facilities for conducting a sale at Keeneland. But now I've decided that maybe nobody should be told where to sell any more than he should be told what he has to buy."

During the next few weeks, with the horse market higher than it has ever been before, prices at both sales will be fantastic. "But let me tell you," warns one breeder thoroughly familiar with the available stock at both Saratoga and Keeneland, "that one sale is positively better than the other. A few individuals in each sales represent the best that the commercial breeder can muster. These will go for those fantastic prices, and, in the main, will comprise the pages in *The Racing Manual* of all-time flops. From the residue of both sales will emerge a few Cinderella 2-year-olds, a small percentage of which may find their way to fame."

"And it's fame that every horse buyer is really looking for," adds Leslie Combs. "He can picture himself right now walking into the Kentucky Derby winner's circle. Well, it's no cinch, I can tell him that. If breeding potential winners was so easy, I'd be sending more than 28 yearlings out of my 1958 crop of 42 foals to the Keeneland sales next week."

Leslie Combs looked out across the rolling pastures of Spendthrift Farm and offered some advice to the 1959 newcomer to racing. "First, I'd figure to budget myself to a three- or four-year plan instead of going whole hog right off the bat. Say, plan to spend $100,000 a year for four years. Then I'd look for a top trainer who is completely honest. Go with him to a sale and let him be the money the way he wants. Buy five horses or buy two, but get different types and different sexes. Remember, as you earn about yearlings in a ring, that too many people at sales try to pick out something wrong with each horse instead of looking for the good qualities. Lastly, remember that although it's a colt who may bring you fame if he develops into a good one, it's a filly who, overall large, may be far more profitable to you in the long run. If your colt is too good on the race tracks, nobody is going to want to breed him, also you. If you have a well-bred filly, she doesn't have to be a great race horse in order to justify your faith in her. The race mare who never wins a race can still become the mother of a champion." END

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

A refresher in no-trump bidding

In travels from one house to another, you may come across variations of no-trump bidding, and you will hear occasional references to the weak no-trump opening no trump. While I came face to face with this practice many years ago, my first big exposure to the weak no-trump game was in Bermuda in 1950 at the time of the first world championship. The British team were using the weak no trump and, since they comprised several sharp-witted up-to-the-minute players, our European cousins ran into considerable misfortune when the cards broke badly, and on several occasions our team reached a favorable spot and 1,100 points. In the course of some players had adopted the practice of employing the weak no trump when *not vulnerable, but our* stalwart cousins decided that the fact of vulnerability was not becoming to their stout natures and so they made no distinction. After their first day's disappointing experience, however, their captain approached us at the start of the next session and pointed out that at a meeting of the team it had been decided to increase the requirements for the no trump opening by one point. This did help them a little but it did not permanently cure the ills.

It has become the practice to put "no-trump bidding"—which really means the sequences that flow from no trump openings—in a distinctive category. Measures that would be normal after an opening bid in a suit are often turned upside down—or at any rate slanted to quite a degree—when the opening bid has been one, two or three no trump.

In no-trump bidding we do not provide at the outset for distribution, so the deck remains constant at 40 points. Unbalancing, therefore, when your side can account for 20 points, to be assured that the opposition can not have an ace. Similarly, if you have 26 points it is clear that the adversaries cannot have two aces. I do not mean to imply that distributional considerations are not, on the contrary, while a raise from one no trump to two no trump requires eight high-card points, one may raise with seven points if you have a reasonably good five-card suit.

Opening no-trump bids are made on a limited number of hands, and these should be distributed 4-3-3-3, 4-4-3-2 or 5-3-3-2. In addition to the high-card requirements designated on the table, it is to be pointed out that for an opening bid of one no trump at least three suits must be protected, but for an opening no trump bid of higher denomination the bidder must have safe protection in all four suits.

While an opening bid of one in a suit is required and ranges and in a sense unlimited, inasmuch as it can vary anywhere from 13 points up to perhaps 21, the opening no-trump bid is ever vague and I can be pinpointed at all times within a range of three points. While at second bids may be necessary to describe the strength of a hand which is opened with one *of a suit, any opening no-trump* bid practically classifies the hand as to high-card strength.

An accessory to no-trump bidding which has been almost universally adopted is the use of the two club bid to partner of the no-trump bidder. (This is frequently referred to as the Stayman convention. When the responder bids two clubs it is the duty of the opening bidder to announce a four-card or longer major suit if he has one. This is referred to as the "Baby Stayman" or the two-spot convention. It has also been suggested that the two-club response be used to show a hand containing at least five cards in the major suits and not more than three cards in each major suit. Opener is required to bid two spades with Q x x x or better.

Let us look at a few problems in high-card values and, after you have determined your own inclinations, you can turn to page to see how I would advise you to proceed.

THE NO-TRUMP TABLE

26 points will normally produce game
33 points will normally produce a small slam

Opening one no trump—16 to 18 points

Opening two no trump—22 to 24 points

Opening three no trump—25 to 27 points

RESPONSES TO OPENING ONE NO-TRUMP BIDS

Raise to two no trump with eight or nine points (or seven points with a good five-card suit)

Raise to three no trump with 10 to 14 points

Raise to six no trump with 17 or 18 points

Raise to seven no trump with 21 points

A NO-TRUMP BIDDING QUIZ

1 As South you hold:

♠ A Q ♥ K J 4 ♦ J 9 8 7 6 ♣ K Q J

What is your opening bid?

2 As South you hold:

♠ A K 6 ♥ A Q J 10 2 ♦ K J 3 ♣ K J

What is your opening bid?

3 As South you hold:

♠ A 9 8 3 ♥ 6 4 ♦ K Q J 6 ♣ 7 5 2

NORTH	SOUTH
1 N.T.	?

4 As South you hold:

♠ 5 4 3 ♥ A Q J 9 6 ♦ 7 2 ♣ K J 10

NORTH	SOUTH
1 N.T.	?

5 As South you hold:

♠ K 10 9 3 ♥ 3 ♦ A K 10 4 3 ♣ 10 3 2

NORTH	SOUTH
1 N.T.	?

6 As South you hold:

♠ A Q 10 4 3 ♥ 7 5 ♦ 8 6 3 ♣ Q 8 2

NORTH	SOUTH
1 N.T.	?

7 As South you hold:

♠ 7 ♥ Q J 10 4 3 ♦ 7 4 2 ♣ Q 9 8 6

NORTH	SOUTH
1 N.T.	?

8 As South you hold:

♠ A J 9 ♥ K J 9 ♦ K Q J ♣ Q 10 8 6

SOUTH	NORTH
1 N.T.	2 ♣
?	

9 As South you hold:

♠ A Q J 3 ♥ K 5 4 ♦ Q 10 3 ♣ K J 3

SOUTH	NORTH
1 N.T.	2 ♥
?	

10 As South you hold:

♠ A 9 4 ♥ K 7 3 ♦ A Q J 2 ♣ Q 10 5

SOUTH	NORTH
1 N.T.	4 N.T.
?	

11 As South you hold:

♠ Q 9 8 6 ♥ K 5 2 ♦ A 10 4 3 ♣ 7 5

NORTH	SOUTH
1 N.T.	2 ♣
2 ♠	?

12 As South you hold:

♠ 7 ♥ Q J 3 ♦ A 8 6 4 3 2 ♣ 7 5 2

NORTH	SOUTH
1 N.T.	?

FOR QUIZ ANSWERS, TURN PAGE

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DO EAGLES SUFFER FROM ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

Five New York doctors recently announced that they have never yet had an eagle walk into their offices suffering from the terrible itching and burning agony of athlete's foot. They refused to comment about Philadelphia where they *do* have Philadelphia Eagles. To get the real facts about eagles and athlete's foot you'd probably have to see an Aetosophile*.

However, we know a secret that lets you get rid of athlete's foot itch so fast you almost can't believe you had it.

The secret is a new kind of painless iodine,** world's greatest antiseptic. You see, everybody knows iodine is best for infections, even athlete's foot—except that it burns tissue.

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*Eagle over
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THE ANSWERS

1 One no trump. You have a balanced hand with 17 high-card points and all suits protected. There is very little to be gained by overapproaching with a bid of one diamond. Observe what an awkward situation you would have built up for yourself if partner responds with one spade or one heart. Your hand is much too good for a rebid of one no trump yet not good enough for a jump rebid. This awkward problem should be circumvented by an opening bid of one no trump, a "savior" of most 17-point hands.

2 Two no trump. This hand falls a shade short of the requirements for a demand bid. However, it does contain 22 high-card points with protection in all suits and therefore qualifies as an opening bid of two no trump. You should not be deterred from making the best call merely because you have a five-card major suit.

3 Two clubs. This hand contains the elements of a raise to three no trump. However, since it may play better at a suit contract, the two-club convention should be employed to determine whether partner happens to have reasonably good spades.

4 Three hearts. You have a good major suit and enough to insist on a game contract. You will, of course, pass if partner bids three no trump. There is no reason to employ the two-club convention with this holding.

5 Three diamonds. Your bid is forcing to game. You have the high-card requirements to justify a game effort (10 points), but you should give yourself a chance to play at a suit.

6 In this case you have a choice. A raise to two no trump is entirely acceptable because the hand contains eight high-card points. However, it might be advantageous to respond with the artificial bid of two clubs because it is quite possible that the hand might play better at spades and you should not give up the opportunity to show that suit at the proper time. If over your two-club bid partner's rebid is two diamonds denying a four-card major suit, you will show your spade suit; similarly, if he rebids two hearts you will bid two spades. It should be pointed out that your bid of two spades in this sequence is not forcing. If partner has a rock-bottom minimum he may exercise the option to pass, but he may also raise spades or even go on with no trump.

7 Two hearts, denoting a weak hand and requesting partner to pass. Observe that if you had a better hand and wished to show the hearts you would first resort to the artificial bid of two clubs. A response to the opening no trump of two diamonds, two hearts or two spades is a request to the opening bidder to pass.

8 Two diamonds. This response is automatic when you have no biddable major. If partner now bids a major, you can raise him or rebid no trump.

9 Pass. Any response of two in a suit other than two clubs shows weakness and requests opener to pass. You have a minimum no trump with even distribution and so have no basis for further action.

10 Pass. A four no-trump bid in this sequence is not a request for aces. It is a quantitative raise in no trump. In other words, partner announces that his hand is too good for a raise to three no trump. His bid shows 15 or 16 high-card points and a balanced distribution and requests you to bid a slam if you have a maximum no trump. Actually, you have a 16-point minimum.

11 Four spades. Opposite an opening no-trump bid you have sufficient values to contract for game. Your dummy hand will be worth 11 points in support of partner's suit, and it is to be recalled that he has at least 16 points in high cards. In support of spades the doubleton club becomes worth one point and the queen of spades is promoted to the value of a king by reason of partner's bid in that suit. A mere raise to three spades would be inadequate.

12 Two no trump. While a raise to two no trump requires eight high-card points, it may be given with seven if your hand contains a reasonably good suit. Do not make the weak response of two diamonds. END

Tip from the Top

MARY LENA FAULK, *Glen Arven CC, Thomasville, Ga.*

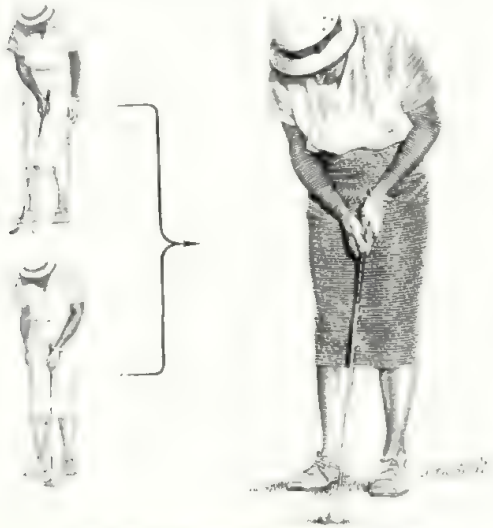
Recovering your putting stroke

THE ESSENCE of good putting—indeed, the essence of golf—is to hit the ball squarely. When you are doing this you get a great deal of the ball on the putter, a great feeling of the grass, a great feeling for distance.

All golfers, but tournament players perhaps more than the others, know the value of preserving a good putting stroke. Nevertheless, everyone, including the most gifted and conscientious golfers, loses his stroke at certain times. All the experienced players have their own methods of getting it back again. When I begin to lose the line or my firmness goes off on the greens, I fall back on a relatively simple exercise to recover it. I like it because it is not too complicated and also because it gets you back on your stroke in such a way that it releases that fear of hitting the ball aggressively—which, as you know, can build up in a person who has been fighting a putting slump.

First, I take my left hand off the club and practice putting with my right hand only. Then I switch and putt with the left hand only. I find that when I putt with one hand I have to get set up more honestly to get my line and get the ball rolling. You cannot work the ball haphazardly and get away with anything at all—which you can when you putt with two hands.

Just one session on the practice green, practicing first with the right, then with the left and then with both hands, is quite often enough to set up again the right actions and a workably sound stroke.



NEXT TIP: *Art Smith on checking your iron play*

Yes, even a Titleist will end up in the rough if you slice it enough. But if you hit it square—brother, it goes straight and f-a-r!

The top golfers know this. That's why for ten years in a row more pros and amateurs have played Titleist in the big money tournaments than any other ball. That's a pretty fair recommendation for you to play Titleist, too, isn't it? It is sold, like all Acushnet balls, thru golf course pro shops *only*.

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

FRANK LANE

continued from page 1

Richardson hit a long foul ball and the crowd roared.

Holtz leaned toward Lane. "Whenever anybody does that they always strike out," he told Lane. Richardson looped a single to center in front of Francona. Lane glared at Holtz. "Always?" he asked. Then he added, "If Piersall's playing center, he catches that one."

McLish, after throwing two strikes past Marv Throneberry, made three bad pitches. Lane leaned back in his seat and looked at the sky. "This game's over right now," he said.

Throneberry struck out, but Richardson stole second on the play. Mantle was up. Lane leaned forward. To his delight, Mantle grounded out. But Berra was at bat. "Here's trouble," muttered Lane.

The Indians walked Berra intentionally. "That's 100% correct," Lane yelled. "That's the right thing to do. I don't care if Lopez hits a home run. *Walking him was the right thing.*"

Lopez hit the first pitch on a line past the second baseman. Richardson scored and the Yankees led 1-0. "First damn pitch," Lane shouted. "It was right in there. That just shows how dumb McLish is." Siebern, bounced back to the mound to end the inning.

Woodie Held was the first Cleveland batter in the fourth. Dutmar threw him two slow curves, waist high, and Held missed them. "He's so close to being a good hitter," Lane said. "He just can't hit the curve. He's out."

But Held hit a third curve to center for a single. Vic Power was at bat. "He'll go to right," predicted Lane. Power stroked the ball down the right-field line. Held went to third. Power tried for second but the throw from the outfield beat him. Lane stiffened in his seat. Then he relaxed as the ball bounded a few feet away. Held made a bluff for the plate. "Get the hell back," Lane shouted. Held did. "Good Lord," sighed Lane.

Minoso then drove the ball into right field for a hit. Held scored, but Power was stopped at third. "Why did he hold up?" Lane asked Holtz. "I guess he thought the ball might be caught," Holtz said.

Francona, swinging hard, topped a ball to second and was out, but Power scored, giving Cleveland the lead 2-1. Minoso went to second. Then, with Colavito up, Minoso broke for third and made it, sliding head first. The throw was high and rolled into left field, but not far enough to let Minoso score. Lane cursed the luck that kept the ball from rolling farther.

Colavito was walked on purpose, bringing up Fitzgerald. "Come on, Fitz," yelled Lane. "Surprise everyone and get a hit." Fitzgerald topped the ball in front of the plate. Minoso broke for home. Dutmar bent to field the ball, but as he did he fumbled it. Minoso scored and it was 3-1.

George Strickland drove a ball deep which Siebern caught near the wall. Again Lane damned the luck. "A home run in Cleveland," said Holtz. Baxes also hit the ball hard, but Mantle caught it, ending the rally.

INDIANS 0 YANKEES 1

"That first pitch on the line ... That got the first run ... dumb McLish is."

INDIANS 3 YANKEES 1

... double ... Mc... that at the ... ape ..., too."

"Power's hit was the key," said Lane. "Minoso's steal of third was important, too."

As McLish went out to the mound, Holtz asked Lane if it was true that the pitcher was part Indian.

"I think he's part Irish, part Scotch and part Canadian Club," said Lane, laughing at his own joke.

The Yankees went out in the fourth. Only one incident annoyed Lane. Kubek hit a hopper which Baxes fielded and tossed to the pitcher. His soft throw was not in time.

"It's not his fault," Lane said. "He tries. He just isn't a second baseman. He's too big. Now Martin makes that play. He's agile."

The score was still 3-1 in the last of the fifth. Throneberry dragged a bunt single to the right of the mound. "The only guy who could have fielded that was McLish," said Lane, "and he can't field. McLish just doesn't bounce off that mound."

Mantle struck out, bringing up Berra. "Here's the tough man," Lane said. "One swing ... the game." The count went to 3-1. "Throw him a change-up," shouted Lane. McLish threw a fast ball and Berra lined it into center for a hit.

"Now we're in trouble," said Lane. Lopez hit a hard ground ball which Strickland knocked down at deep third base. "He saved a run," Holtz said to Lane. Lane was silent. "We'll see," he said finally.

Siebern was up. "He's likely to hit one out," said Lane. "He's capable," said the guard. "Looks bad," said Holtz. Siebern singled sharply to left. One run scored and the bases remained filled. It was now 3-2.

"That damn bunt single," Lane mumbled.

Tony Kubek hit a ground ball out to second. Baxes grabbed it, whirled and fired the ball into left field. Lane froze. Berra and Lopez scored and the Yankees were ahead 4-3. McLish got out of the inning without further scoring.

"That's a crime," shouted Lane. "We gave them seven outs that inning. Baxes has messed up three double play balls in five innings."

Two ladies sat down in the Cleveland box. They greeted Lane and asked how it was going. "You should have seen the exhibition Mr. Baxes just gave," he told them. "Good?" one of them asked sweetly. "Good!" shrieked Lane. "Awful!"

In the sixth and seventh the Indians failed to score. Lane conceded the game. "It's over," he said. "We lose."

The Indians changed pitchers in the seventh. "Who's that coming in, Frank?" one of the ladies asked.

"Looks like Smith," Lane said. Just then the public-address man announced Don Ferrarese as the Cleveland pitcher.

"Ferrarese?" said Lane. "Why he hasn't pitched for us in so long I forgot we had him." Ferrarese got the Yankees out in the seventh.

Vic Power led off the eighth with a double and suddenly Lane was excited again. On the next Casey Stengel was talking to Dittmar.

"Duren," said Holtz.

"Not Duren," Lane told him. "Duren just pitched last night."

"Last night?" Holtz yelled at him. "It rained last night. That was the night before."

"Oh, that's right," said Lane. "It'll be Duren then."

Just the sight of Duren, hopping the bullpen fence and coming across the outfield grass, seemed to irritate Lane.

"Look at that strutting cowboy," Lane growled. He yelled out to the mound. "Hey, Popeyes. Let's see you throw a wild pitch, Popeyes."

"He throws at batters because he never has to bat himself," Lane said to Holtz.

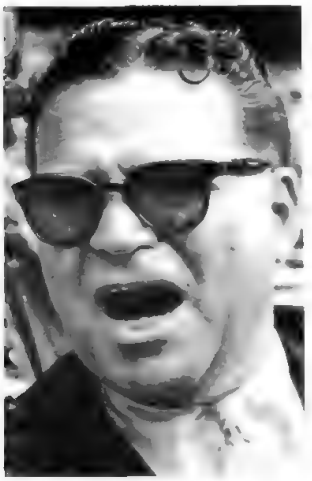
"I don't think he throws at batters on purpose," Holtz said.

Lane snorted. "Of course he does."

Duren was wild. He walked Minoso on four pitches. Runners on first and second with no one out. Francona was up. Duren threw two more balls, then struck Francona out.

"It's over," said Lane. "Colavito will hit into a double play. Watch."

But Colavito hit a high pop fly into short left field, close to the line.



INDIANS 5 YANKEES 5

"See? I told you. Now Francona is out and Bell can't win the game. Now it's over."

INDIANS 5 YANKEES 7

"I knew it. I knew Mantle would hit one. We [illegible]"

Kubek came in. McDougald went back. Both were running hard when they collided with a sickening thud. Power scored, Minoso went to third and Colavito to second. Kubek lay still. The Stadium crowd was on its feet.

"I hope he's knocked out," shouted Lane deliriously. "I hope that Yankee bum is knocked out."

A stretcher was brought out and Kubek was carried off. "He's a nice boy," Lane said quietly. "I hope he isn't hurt badly."

Cleveland went ahead when Fitzgerald hit a slow hopper to McDougald, Minoso skidding across the plate ahead of the throw. The inning ended with Cleveland leading 5 4.

Gary Bell came in to pitch for Cleveland. "Why leave Baxes and Francona in?" asked Holtz. "Why don't you play Martin and Piersall?"

"Ask Mr. Gordon," said Lane. "I'm not the manager."

Bell went to a 3 2 count on McDougald. Then McDougald singled. "This is it," said Lane. But Bell got the side out, striking out Mantle with two runners on.

In the ninth Bell singled and so did Held. Power tried twice to bunt the runners ahead, then fled deep to right center. Bell jogged halfway to third, watched the catch and jogged back to second. Lane exploded.

"Why didn't he tag up!" he screamed at Jo Jo White, the third base coach. "Stick a pin in him, Jo Jo. Oh well, that's what you can expect from someone who's young and from Texas."

Minoso then hit a fly ball which might have scored Bell had he been on third. Lane raged on about Bell. "Wasn't it awful, wasn't it?" he asked Holtz. "Worst play I ever saw," Holtz said. "That cost us a run," Lane went on. "Could cost us the ball game." The Indians didn't score. They went into the last of the ninth leading 5 4.

Bell got ready for the last three Yankees, Berra, Lopez and Hank Bauer, playing for the injured Kubek. Lane prepared himself.

"Here comes Berra," he said to Holtz. "Here it comes now. One swing. Watch."

Gary Bell, young and from Texas, threw his first pitch. Yogi Berra swung very easily and stroked the ball deep into the right-field stands. There was a great roar from the crowd and it continued as Berra crossed home plate. Yankees shook Berra's hand and pounded him on the back. The fans near the Yankee dugout rose to applaud him.

There was silence from seat 1 of box 70-A in section 16. Bell was pitching to Lopez when Lane finally said, "See? I told you. Now it's over. Stupid, just stupid. Bell cost us the game. We're through. We're just getting exercise and they win it."

An inning later, with a man on base, Mickey Mantle ended the game with a home run to right field. Again there was the great roar and again people got to their feet. In his box, Frank Lane sat motionless. Then, without a word, he rose, gathered up his raincoat, tucked his newspapers under one arm and was gone. **END**

Part I THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

FAR OUT BEYOND FITNESS

With fitness getting fashionable, the ageless fad of muscle culture has received a new shot in the arm. Here an old fan, now a famous writer, notes some weird changes in a familiar scene

by STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

I GUESS I was about 13 when I decided to be the strongest man in the world. It was over a girl named Betty Lou who, at the time, was both taller and stronger than I. I had run across an advertisement in a comic book—we still called them "funny books" in those days—that promised to solve my problem. It showed a skinny guy on a beach with his girl. They were getting along fine until a couple of husky bloods came galumphing along, tossing a big beach ball, and one of them—either accidentally or on purpose—kicked some sand in the skinny fellow's face. When the skinny one started, ineffectually, to protest, he was taunted, shoved and pushed on his backside in the sand. And, because the victor always gets the spoils in funny books and elsewhere, his girl went waltzing off arm in arm with the bully.

My case, of course, was a little different. I had tried to put my arm around Betty Lou one morning when we were parked, side by side, in the bike rack. And Betty Lou, a magnificent specimen, had kicked my kick stand out from underneath me and sent me sprawling on the asphalt. I didn't want revenge. I wanted muscle and authority enough to be able to stand up to her and assert my rights. So I did what the skinny type in the funny-book ad did. I somehow scraped together enough money. I

EXECUTIVE FANNY. Tailored, complacent, fit, Vic views domain with folded hands.

think it was $25 in those days) for the bodybuilding course which, if it didn't make me the strongest man in the world in 13 weeks' time, would put me, I decided, well on my way.

I was reminded of this the other day when I discovered that a particularly persistent and annoying series of television commercials, advertising the gymnasiums of a Mr. Vic Tanny, had begun to have the effect of "selling" me. "Fifty cents a lesson, only 50¢ a lesson!" kept buzzing through my head, along with a vision of myself restored to a state of bouncy fitness, more wiry than an innerspring. The frequent intrusions on my television screen of Tanny's corps of cavorting, leotard-clad men and women had driven me almost to the point of distraction but also to the point, in salesmen's language, of purchase. I felt myself submitting, as if by posthypnotic suggestion, to the pitch.

If anything stepped in to save me it was only the thought that by giving in I would simply be joining a national fad. Tanny and his fellows have been exploiting and promoting a kind of health hysteria that has got, it appears, a half nelson on America's mentality. For instance, a check-out girl in our local supermarket, recently manfully hoisting a heavy carton of groceries to her shoulder, disdainfully rejected my offers to help and said, "Don't worry about me. I'm in great shape physically and spiritually and I owe everything to Vic Tanny and Billy Graham." And she smiled the smile of the bossed.

I have looked into the Vic Tanny story a bit, and he is certainly what would be called an enterprising fellow. With nothing more than The American Dream behind him, Tanny —the son of a poor tailor—has managed to parlay a minor talent into a business that is reported to bring in something close to $15 million a year. His gyms, which have been sprouting like wild flowers in pink and charcoal gray, his favorite colors, in cities across the country for the last nine years, now number more than 70. There are 10 in the New York area alone. So far, more than a quarter of a million people have subscribed to his courses, but, as we all know, there are many more people than that in the United States. The market has only begun to be tapped.

Tanny's pupils work out in air-conditioned, deodorized elegance, hoist-

continued

EXECUTIVE ATLAS. In his heyday the boss master and still undisputed king received visitors in this informal garb and casually bent a pipe while talking

ing chrome-plated barbells, with soft music playing in the background. Tanny gyms, for sheer glossiness, are running neck and neck with Slenderella salons. And for the person who succumbs to the lure of "Fifty reps a lesson" there are a number of possibilities all somewhat more costly. For sheer ingenuousness and aggressiveness, Tanny's merchandising methods far outstrip those of Arthur Murray. Prices run from $60 a year on the West Coast (they're higher in the East because of the lavisher facilities) to $339 for a Lifetime Membership. But there are so many "price deals" available that firm prices should probably not be quoted. There are, for example, Family Memberships, and in this area Tanny is fortunate in having, right in his own family, an example of his course's effectiveness with older people and specifically with women. Angela Tanny, his white-haired but still shapely 66-year-old mother, lifts weights joyfully and regularly. And Tanny, who is 46, swart, swaggering, with a California tan and wide shoulders, often works out with her.

SEXY COMMERCIALS [illegible] Vic Tanny's [illegible] TV shots of [illegible] model [illegible] chest-to-hip pectoral muscles [illegible] acteristically chrome-plated Tanny machine while *below* a smiling male pupil [illegible]

ONE of the most surprising developments in bodybuilding is that during the last five years it has become a family affair. What was once a pastime for prepubescent youths is now a hobby for men and women of all ages. "There seems to be a feeling around here," says a gym instructor, "that the family that weights in together stays together." And it was this phenomenon as much as anything else that determined me to re-explore the whole tubby, puffing, physical culture world to see what had happened since I first dreamed of being stronger than Betty Lou.

I decided to go back to the very beginning. In the old days, of course, there was only one bodybuilder, and I was somewhat relieved to find that among purists of bodybuilding he is still No. 1 and Vic Tanny strictly a parvenu. If the bodybuilding population were to arrange itself in a human pyramid, the one man to be given top spot would be Charles Atlas, even though there would be a number of disgruntled shoulders in the lower tiers. Atlas is the unquestioned leader of his field by virtue of his success, his fame and the number of his admirers. "There's only one Charles Atlas," one of these said to me. "Tanny is no Atlas. Lionel Strongfort was no Atlas. Joe Bonomo was no Atlas. Hargitay is no Atlas. Only Atlas is Atlas! He's to muscles what Tiffany's is to diamonds."

Atlas was obviously the man to talk to, and I telephoned him for an appointment. When I met the great man at the still-resplendent flesh, I reported the above remarks to him. I discovered that he is not in the least fazed by such extravagant praise. He has heard it often. And at 66 — Vic Tanny's mother's age, to be sure — he feels that after 30 years spent producing stronger, healthier, cleaner-living and clearer-thinking young men at the approximate rate of 50,000 a year, he is hugely entitled to it.

I also mentioned to Mr. Atlas that I had once been one of his pupils. But I confessed that I had not been a good one. Thirteen weeks, to a 13-year-old, seems an eternity, and, though I applied myself to the lessons for the first week or so, I gradually lost interest. Betty Lou may have moved away, or maybe I decided to become a saxophone player in Glenn Miller's orchestra, or something. When I told him this, Mr. Atlas expressed surprise. "You should've kept it up," he said. "You'd be a lot better off today if you did. You'd have a physique you could show off and they'd say, 'Oh,' and 'Ah,' and 'Wow,' and you wouldn't, like now, have a middle that has a very slight tendency to very slightly paunch."

The Atlas style of speech is just as

gravel-voiced, if slightly easier to follow, as Casey Stengel's.)

Mr. Atlas went on to say that since I hadn't completed it I should have taken advantage of one of the unusual aspects of his course. "If you was not a hundred percent satisfied we would of refunded your dough," he said. "And that's not all. Atlas refunds money, if not satisfied, with six percent interest on! What do you think of that?" Mr. Atlas also pointed out that at 13 I was at the ideal age to start bodybuilding. It is around this age that a majority of Atlas pupils start and, unlike myself, most of them—as far as Mr. Atlas knows—finish the course fully satisfied. At least the refund with interest is rarely requested. It is never too late, Mr. Atlas feels, to start thinking about physical culture but, to a large extent, it goes with youth. Mr. Atlas feels his greatest debt is to the adolescents and teen-agers of rural America—rural because, for some reason, more Atlas pupils live in villages, hamlets and on farms than in big cities. Physical culture, as Mr. Atlas sees it, is not just muscle building. It is a whole philosophy in which strength and health and happiness are permanently equated. "It makes sense," Atlas says. "You come right down to it, what's a man got beside what's right here inside his skin? You don't keep that part of you healthy, what have you got left? Right?"

INSIDE Charles Atlas' skin things seem to be in very good shape indeed. The Atlas eyes are dark brown and piercing. The Atlas humor is good; he insists that he hasn't a worry in the world. The Atlas complexion is smooth and ruddy. His only sign of decrepitude is that he appears to be very slightly hard of hearing. His hair, though liberally streaked with steel gray, is still surprisingly dark and luxuriant. The Atlas manner is cheerful, vigorous and explosive. If Atlas in a business suit often fails to impress, it is only because his height is not imposing. He is 5 feet 10 inches. A girl who works in the same building as the Charles Atlas offices in New York managed to pass Mr. Atlas in the elevator for years without guessing who he was. "He was always just a nice little man who smiled and said hello every day," she says. "Then my girl friend told me that's Charles Atlas. Imagine! Me, saying hello to Charles Atlas every day and not knowing it!" Encased in gray worsted flannel, the Atlas torso seems merely stocky. The Atlas neck, in a collar and tie, seems short. And, in a shirt, the Atlas chest—which is 47 inches normal, or twelve inches more than the average male's—merely makes the Atlas chin seem unusually deep in the Atlas shoulders. All this, however, supposedly corrects itself when Mr. Atlas emerges—as he insists he frequently still does—in leopard trunks as America's Most Perfectly Developed Man.

This title was awarded him in 1921, along with a check for $1,000, when he won a contest sponsored by the late Bernarr Macfadden's magazine, *Physical Culture*. It gave Atlas one of his greatest assets. Without it, it seems doubtful that his name could have become what it is today—synonymous with bodybuilding. And without the name Charles Atlas, Mr. Atlas feels, bodybuilding would not be what it is today. What was once the exclusive bailiwick of sideshow strong men is now—thanks (Atlas thinks) in large part to Atlas—a popular national sport. Atlas estimates that today—with much of the credit due to Atlas—eight out of 10 young American men engage in one form of it or another. And it is also now international. In England—a country not noted for producing Adonises—it has become wildly popular. (The young Duke of Kent is reportedly a satisfied Atlas pupil.) It is also popular in France, Belgium and Germany, though not, for some reason, particularly so in the rest of Europe. It is very popular in Scandinavia and Iceland, and perhaps even more so in Mexico, Central and South America. In Greece, traditional home of godlike young men, they couldn't seem to care less.

The official Atlas measurements have been recorded and filed for posterity in the New York Public Library. In addition to the staggering figure for Atlas' chest, a few of the others are: biceps, flexed, 17 inches; waist, a trim 32 inches; forearm, 11½ inches. His thigh measures 23¼ inches and his calf 16¼ inches. He weighs 180 pounds. These statistics were gathered at the time of the contest, in 1921, and when I suggested that some of them might have changed over the past 38 years, Mr. Atlas bridled and said, "They're 100% the same today, exactly. Or," he added, "just about." To prove it, he urged me to punch him in the stomach—hard. I did so, and, true enough, it was like punching the trunk of a giant sequoia.

ONE thing has happened to the Atlas frame, though, and that is that its owner seems less eager to display it nowadays. Once upon a time an interview with Atlas invariably began with him stripping off his shirt, and continued with Atlas sitting behind his desk in the seminude. That ritual is now, for some reason or other, dispensed with, though I was proudly shown "the arm." The arm, I assure you, is every bit as magnificent as it is advertised to be; it rolls and surges, as he flexes it, with a vast muscular groundswell.) Today the only persons treated to a glimpse of the total Atlas physique are members of The New York Athletic Club, where Atlas religiously works out three afternoons a week, running anywhere from three to five miles an afternoon at a brisk eight or nine minutes to the mile or swimming the same distance in the pool; or neighbors in Point Lookout, Long Island, where Atlas has a summer place. Atlas is a familiar figure on the beach, either swimming, exercising or scouting for driftwood which, as a hobby, he fashions into odd and interesting pieces of outdoor furniture. One former Point Lookout neighbor, James Egan, the New York advertising man, says that in his considered opinion there were certain unguarded moments when the Atlas middle showed a slight tendency to very slightly paunch. Atlas himself merely snorts at such a suggestion.

That Atlas ever managed to achieve his world-famous physique in the first place seems now to have been largely a matter of chance. Born in southern Italy, the son of a farmer, Atlas was christened Angelo Siciliano. Neither his mother nor his father was notably well developed or even husky. When Angelo was 11 years old his family brought him to America. "I was a 97-pound weakling," begins an official piece of Charles Atlas promotion material under a photograph of the youthful Goliath looking stoop-shouldered and slack-jawed. "I was a scrawny, skinny scarecrow," the brochure continues. "I was so ashamed of my puny body that I dreaded stripping for gym. I was a complete washout at sports. Girls used to snicker at me behind my back. I was miserable.

continued

I wanted to do something about my physique but I didn't even know how to begin."

This account, breathless though it is, is evidently an accurate description of young Angelo's physical state at the time. In those days, living in Brooklyn, the youthful Angelo used to spend his Saturdays listlessly hanging around one of the Italian settlement houses in the borough. That was how, more or less accidentally, he found himself tagging along after a group of boys and girls who were going on a tour of the Brooklyn Museum. "I'm sort of following 'em," he says, "not even noticing when we got there, and then, all at once, I begin to notice all the statues. Some of them was real statues. Some was only watchamacallit, plastic casts. But anyways, I'm noticing the physiques on some of these fellows who was not attired, you see. And I'm looking over some of these specimens. And I ask myself: What's this? How can this be, such a development? Is this an imagination of the artist, or what?" By the time he left the museum, he says, he had made up his mind to turn himself into the flesh-and-bone equivalent of Phidias' Olympian Zeus. He went home that night and started to exercise.

FIVE years later, by the time he was 20, he had a "pretty good physique," and, as a result of various feats of strength, had begun to earn the nickname Atlas. He liked the name. He later had his name legally changed, adding, arbitrarily, Charles because he liked that name, too. He liked the way he felt. "I began to really feel great," he says. Still he had no clear idea of what his future career might be. He was earning, at that time, around $12 a week doing odd jobs, and, one day, while "showing off around Coney Island," he was stopped and asked if he'd care to do some modeling. Sculptor Atlas said he'd be happy to and was taken to the studio of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who had been looking for a well-muscled model for a soldiers' monument she was working on. "She looked at the muscles and said 'Wow!'" says Atlas. "Bingo, I was making a buck an hour modeling for Mrs. Whitney." He went from one sculptor to another and, as a result, is today immortalized in a number of municipal monuments all over the country. That's Atlas as George Washington in the Calder group at the base of Washington Arch in New York City. That's also Atlas as Alexander Hamilton in front of the Treasury Building in Washington. He is Leif Eriesson *some*where, he can't quite remember where, and he is Two Soldiers, both of them, in Mrs. Whitney's Cleveland group. He is in the Battle of the Marne monument in France, and he also appears on a medal awarded by the Bell System, though, not, as is often believed, as the wing-footed Mercury who serves as that telephone company's symbol, "the spirit of communication."

MOUSE-TO-MAN APPROACH [illegible] is The Man himself, a "97 pound weakling" [illegible]

Things *were* might not have got under way for Atlas had it not been for three isolated bits of musing that he did along about this time. The three musings turned themselves into three ideas. The first one went something like this: It's better exercise for a man to lift a 10-pound weight 10 times than a 100-pound weight once; therefore, it should be even *better* exercise for him to lift a one-pound weight a hundred times. Very well, if this is so then would it be far, far better exercise to lift *no* weight an infinite number of times? The second Atlas musing was this one: How does a baby get its strength? "I watched little babies," he says, "I watched the little fellows pushing their hands together, pulling their hands apart, pushing their feet down, snapping them back again. I thought, that's how a baby gets his strength! He's pitting one set of muscles against the other!" The third Atlas notion, which is similar to the second, occurred when he was walking through the zoo looking at the caged wildlife. "I watched that old tiger stretching and flexing his muscles in the cage with a big lazy yawn on him, and I thought: What keeps him in shape so good? And then I thought, he keeps in shape like a baby gets strong. When he's stretching he's not lazing—he's exercising. He's putting his muscles to play, pitting one set against the other!" From these three thoughts came Atlas' famous bodybuilding theory which was later crystallized, and copyrighted, "Dynamic Tension."

The secret of the Atlas exercises provides the easiest explanation of what Dynamic Tension is. With the heel of your left palm in front of your chest, press as hard as you can against the heel of your right palm, resisting meanwhile with the right and keep pushing as though you expected to be able to push your right hand out the window. Now reverse the procedure—pushing your right palm against your left. This exercise is virtually an Atlas trademark. When you see people doing this as they walk along the street and, once you're aware of it, you do see them—you know they are Charles Atlas students.

The Tiffany of muscles himself, apparently, has done so much palm pushing that it appears as a nervous mannerism when he talks.

With the $1,000 won in the Physical Culture contest, $5,000 more borrowed from his mother and a theory based on tigers, tots and weightless lifting, the young Charles Atlas set out to strengthen and enlighten the human landscape. His first step was to open a gymnasium and to expound upon his theories there. It soon became clear, however, that Dynamic Tension could be much more widely and efficiently taught through some other medium, such as the U.S. mails. At this point, around 1929, Atlas had a final piece of good fortune. He made the acquaintance of a gentleman, named Charles Roman. Roman, at the time, was working for an advertising agency and had been specializing in mail-order accounts, advertising. That the two should become associated seemed a natural. "When Charlie asked me to be his partner, I was, needless to say, delighted," says Mr. Roman, a small, dapper, snub-nosed and dark-haired man. "After all, Charles was the best salesman." And he adds generously, "But then I'm no physical specimen, either."

From the beginning, the Roman-Atlas partnership was a perfect wedding of brains and brawn. Roman helped Atlas polish up his mail-order course. Roman modestly admits that the term Dynamic Tension, as it has been used, "It was dynamic, it was tense, so I thought, why not Dynamic Tension?" He developed the Atlas advertising program which is in effect today. Roman set up the corporate structure of Charles Atlas, Ltd., opened the Charles Atlas offices in London and later in Buenos Aires. And Roman organized, for the company's figurehead, some remarkably effective personal publicity.

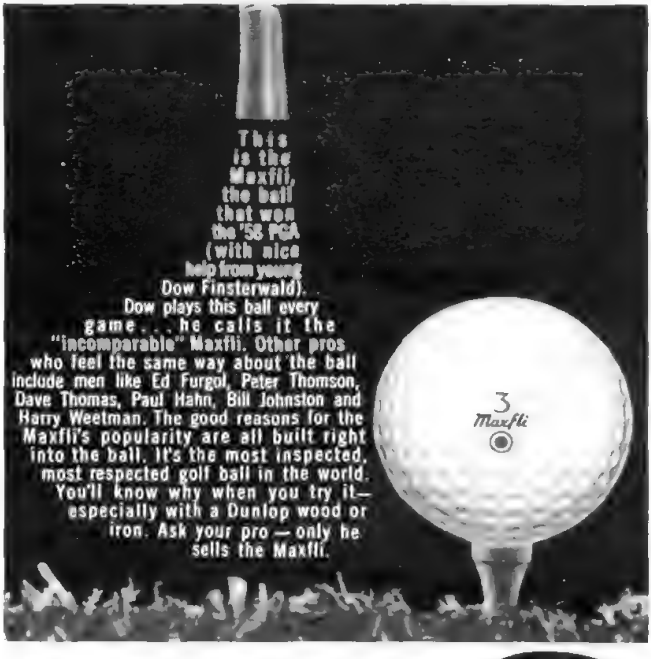
There began to be a series of well-publicized feats of strength which, though most of them took place 30-odd years ago, have proved astonishingly durable for the purposes of Charles Atlas advertising. They continue to be touted as strongly as they had happened last week. Atlas Ltd. to be sure, do some pretty impressive things. He once singlehandedly towed a 7.2-ton observation car of the Broadway Limited for 112 feet along the tracks of the Pennsylvania Rail-

All-Transistor Shirt-Pocket Radio

Motorola "Pocketeer" with built-in speaker

Perfect companion for sports events. Only 2½" at the high, weighs 9 ounces with battery. Built-in antenna pulls in signals like a magnet. Jewel-set to stay on chosen station. Plays stations loud and clear for hours . . . on low-cost battery pack. Built-in ease for stand-up convenience. Earphone jack. Volume control. In Warm Black, Red or Ivory. One-Year warranty on all parts and labor. Only 29.95*

More to enjoy MOTOROLA



You'll never know how good you are until you play Dunlop

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CORP. • Sporting Goods Division • 500 Fifth Ave., New York

road's Sunnyside yards in New York. "Then, just in case they thought I was maybe pulling the thing down a hill," Atlas says, "I turned around and pulled the thing 115 feet back the other way." At another point the world's most perfectly developed man pulled six strung-together automobiles for a full mile. Another time, in Bermuda, he publicly bent a raw steel bar five feet long and an inch square, held in his teeth, into a perfect V. There were a number of occasions when motorists around New York, stopped with flat tires, were astonished to see a dark-haired young man bounding toward them with an offer to be a human jack.

Privately, on the other hand, Mr. Atlas has always been one of the gentlest of men. He has never in his life been in a fight. Once, on the subway, he was rudely and aggressively jostled by a roughneck. Mr. Atlas merely inched away from the other man and said politely, "Beg your pardon."

As a matter of fact, Atlas has always emphasized gentlemanliness as well as manliness. A newcomer to the Charles Atlas course is usually surprised to see how little Lesson 1 is devoted to affairs of the muscles and how much is given over to what might be called rules of good behavior, and moralizing. "Throw off any tendencies to unwholesome influences," Lesson 1 says. "You must have POWER OF WILL. You must have COURAGE and fear nothing. You must have absolute CONFIDENCE—and you must have PERSISTENCE." Lesson 1 goes on to discuss the value of "deep breathing of pure outside air," and correct posture. "Nothing indicates a REAL MAN more than the way he holds himself. If your chest is sunken and your stomach sticking out, you cannot stand out as a man with personality."

As a student progresses further in the course he runs into some of Atlas' dietary theories. Some are fairly unsurprising. A pet peeve, for instance, is white bread which has had, he insists, many of its nourishing elements "bleached out." Lesson 3 says, "Be sure to eat WHOLE WHEAT BREAD." Atlas is also a bug about drinking water. "DRINK MORE WATER," commands Lesson 3. He also favors milk drinking, but, in the case of both milk and water, he recommends that they be not drunk but eaten slowly, and thoroughly *chewed*. Atlas himself is a strong fruit and vegetable man. His normal breakfast consists of a glass of hot water with lemon juice (for an eye opener), followed by a glass of orange juice and two bananas. He will either skip lunch altogether or he will have a glass of vegetable cocktail and a few sprigs of celery, or two apples. Dinner, the largest Atlas meal, might typically consist of a before-dinner vegetable cocktail, followed by three broiled lamb chops, a small salad and a baked apple.

All meals, however Spartan or frugivorous, should be eaten, Atlas feels, slowly. "Americans eat too fast," he says. Atlas likes to dine leisurely with music and, in his Brooklyn apartment overlooking the Narrows, symphonic and operatic phonograph records play for many occasions. An Atlas innovation, one which he recommends to his students, is a "music bath," a long, leisurely bath taken to a soft musical accompaniment.

ATLAS, needless to say, neither smokes nor drinks. He drinks neither alcohol nor coffee nor tea. He will tolerate moderate tea, coffee or alcohol drinking in others but can hardly bear to associate with smokers. When students, as they occasionally do, visit him in his New York office, they find a large ashtray on his desk. "It's for their last cigarette," Atlas says menacingly. Atlas had a cigarette himself, once. It made him violently ill. He also, on the occasion of his 50th birthday, had a glass of wine—"just to see if I'd like it." He didn't. Some of Atlas' theories on food are more startling than others. I had never heard, for example, that lettuce contains a high amount of opium and is, therefore, good to munch on just before retiring. It speeds you to slumberland, says Atlas.

Another thing the Charles Atlas student learns is that there is relatively little "hard sell" to the course. In response to each coupon inquiry Atlas sends out a letter that begins, "Congratulations!" and a booklet outlining the course. If the prospect fails to reply to this, a follow-up letter is sent about a week later, but beyond that there are no further inducements. Once having signed for the 13 Charles Atlas lessons—they now cost $30 cash or $35 on the time-payment plan—the student receives a six- to 10-page lesson every week. When the lessons are finished, each student receives a diploma and, after that, continues to receive, from time to time, dispatches from the Atlas offices which contain "advice on matters of strength and health." These mailings continue, as Atlas puts it, "for LIFE," but they contain no solicitations or exhortations or attempts to sell anything. "You finish me and you're finished," says Atlas proudly. "Except I tell you to keep up the exercising. Keep up! Keep up! Don't let that stomach get saggy! But I got nothing more to sell—no gadgets, no dumbbells, no vitamins, no nonsense."

If the student is 16 years old or older ("Younger fellows don't need such knowledge") he receives, free with the course, a 10-volume *Encyclopedia of Hygienics*. This work, which is "about every phase of personal hygiene and manhood—over 1,500 pages of clear information," was written by "the well-known authority," Dr. David H. Keller. Other than this, no apparatus or extra goods go with the course, and this fact clearly is one of the course's great appeals. Atlas admits he could make more money if he were to sell, as many of his competitors do, various items of bodybuilding equipment—bar bells, hand grips, chest pulls, wall pulls, skip ropes, foot stirrups, head straps, energy wafers, virility pills, jewelry, statuettes, rowing machines, sunbathing attire and, incredible though it may seem, a great many other things. But since his methods, he feels, are nature's methods, he staunchly refuses to permit any paraphernalia other than Hope, Courage, Confidence, Faith and Persistence.

Atlas has long been involved in an extracurricular, but well-publicized, feud with a certain Mr. Robert Hoffman, publisher of a magazine called *Strength & Health* and a purveyor, among other things, of bar bells. Atlas grows excited at the mention of Hoffman's name. "What's that guy think he's talking to, a bunch of morons?" he cried. "I mean, what does he think? You know what he says? He says you can eat, smoke, drink and still stay healthy if you use a couple of bar bells! That's for morons! Morons!"

NEXT WEEK

Bodybuilding's lunatic fringe; what happened to Muscle Beach and why; a look at the one-shots; what Atlas thinks and why he still goes strong.

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

THE ADVENTURERS

Sirs:

Please permit me, an old MATS transport navigator, to express appreciation for Percy Knauth's most excellent account of the transatlantic flight with Max Conrad (*Adventure with a New Lone Eagle*, SI, July 6 and 13). Usually, I tend to be extremely critical of feature articles dealing with aviation because of what I regard as the inaccuracy, inaccuracy and just plain distortion of the true picture, particularly as regards transocean flying. Knauth's, I know from experience, is an honestly recorded story, presented in an absorbing but not sensational manner.

Max Conrad is a fabulous man. I met Mr. Conrad once in Narsarssuak, Greenland, in the summer of 1952 while we both were [illegible] at that base. He was headed eastward in a single-engined Piper Pacer. The weather cleared, Mr. Conrad departed for Keflavik, Iceland. A [illegible] spotted the tiny plane to spot Mr. Conrad inbound back up the fjord to Narsarssuak. It seems that on proceeding toward Keflavik the speeds of wind from the white caps indicated stronger headwinds than forecast. Too, the Keflavik beacon did not sound loud enough to those [illegible] indicated it should be. With no other navigational assistance, Mr. Conrad elected to return to Greenland to try another day. And for whatever reasons the [illegible] that could indeed were stronger than forecast, and it was questionable that he could have survived this or numerous other incidents which I have heard recounted.

I have never made a crossing in a small aircraft, and I feel that Knauth may have experienced a great deal more than we normally do on the regular transport runs. True, we know the stations, the routes, the general weather patterns, and we come to recognize frequently heard voices on the radio which we never know in person. But seldom is there any feeling of personal adventure as Knauth conveyed in your articles. Excitement occasionally, at the [illegible] boys, but overriding all is the [illegible] of flying. At any rate, I do not recall having made a completely uneventful trip, and therein, I suppose, is the lure that keeps me plus all the others in the [illegible].

The Air Force has left Lagens Air Base almost exclusively, and I have not landed at Santa Maria in years. I wonder if the bugs and the [illegible] are a part of the [illegible] as they were in the days of Arnold Toynbee's [illegible] still remembered in those parts? One summer morning in 1946, [illegible], we looked down at Santa Maria only to have a cow run onto the runway immediately ahead of the aircraft. The pilot kicked the plane over to the left side of the runway and the cow veered to the right. We missed the cow almost all except No. 4 propeller, which neatly snipped off the outstretched tail of the rapidly departing cow. The tail was transported back to our home station to substantiate the tale. This incident became a favorite story among the line crews at the time.

MARVIN E. KEY JR.
Major, USAF

Tallahassee, Fla.

● Time and the big planes have bypassed Santa Maria: both bags and legend have disappeared with the old-timers who served the wartime pilots. —ED.

FOOD: RABBIT AND PEPPER PUNCH

Sirs:

Your excellent article by Mary Mabon titled *Sam Morse Makes a Rarebit* (FOOD, SI, May 18) states parenthetically that "Welsh rarebit is believed to be the original name for this snappy [illegible] dish." This is, of course, true, but what most people do not realize is that Welsh rabbit is *still* the correct term as any dictionary or other authority will [illegible].

Welsh rabbit, as Webster's points out, is a humorous phrase, "like 'Cape Cod turkey' (codfish), that through failure to recognize the joke, is commonly [illegible] in cookbooks to Welsh rarebit." Contrary to the general view, Welsh rabbit is not a corruption of rarebit but rather the reverse is true; the term is on a par with "mock turtle" and "Boston [illegible]."

For [illegible] Welsh rabbit [illegible] to say to the waiter "Here's a [illegible] gist is aware, & the person who has paid no attention to the subject is probably unaware . . . that *Welsh rabbit* is amusing & right, and *Welsh rarebit* stupid & wrong."

NORMAN G. HICKMAN

New York City

Sirs:

Every week my husband and I read the food articles and greatly enjoy Gary Cooper's pancakes (FOOD, SI, June 1), etc. Indeed, to date we have enjoyed the Pepper Punch from the article on Round Hill, Jamaica and Adele Astaire (FOOD, SI, Feb. 2).

We liked it so much that I put our copy away for safekeeping and I've kept it so safe I can't find it. Please send me a copy if possible. I miss it so much.

MRS. J. D. CLAY

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

● It's on its way. But meanwhile—place in large shaker: 2 ounces gold Jamaica rum; 1 ounce dark Jamaica

BOW HUNTING

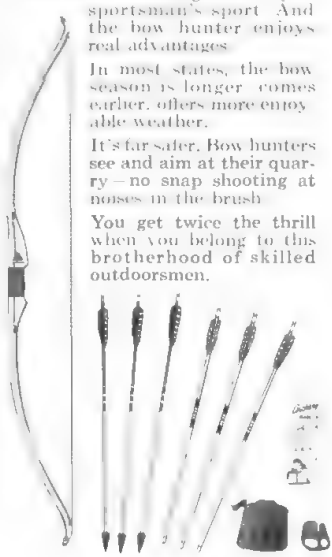
Imagine yourself stalking a deer . . . sighting him over your broadhead . . . bringing home a superb trophy!

This is bow hunting . . . truly a sportsman's sport. And the bow hunter enjoys real advantages.

In most states, the bow season is longer, comes earlier, offers more enjoyable weather.

It's far safer. Bow hunters see and aim at their quarry—no snap shooting at noises in the brush.

You get twice the thrill when you belong to this brotherhood of skilled outdoorsmen.

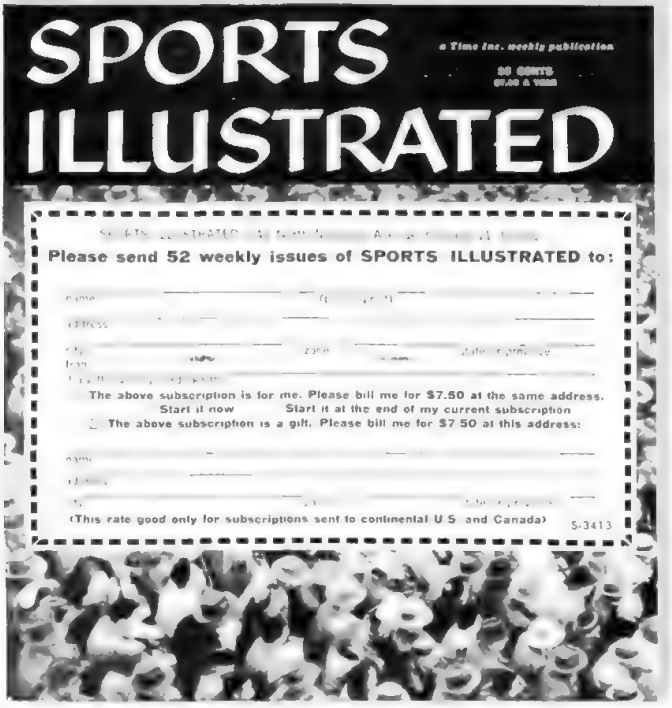


A complete BEN PEARSON bow-hunting set for only . . . $24.95

Get this Deersayer Hunting set now, practice this summer and be ready for the most exciting hunting of your life. Handsome and powerful recurved hickory bow, hunting and target arrows, arm guard and finger tab. See your sporting goods dealer for a look at America's finest bowhunting equipment.

Write Dept 18, Ben Pearson, Inc. for your copy of the 1959 Ben Pearson Bow Hunting catalog.

BEN PEARSON
INCORPORATED
PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS
"Where Quality Improves Performance"



rum; 7 teaspoons fresh-squeezed lime juice; 7 teaspoons sugar dissolved in a little water; 4 large dashes of Angostura bitters; 1 large dash each of cayenne pepper and ground cinnamon. Add a cup or so of fine-cracked ice, shake madly, pour, ice and all, into two old-fashioned glasses, and there you have it.—ED.

TENNIS: DOLLAR CHAMPION

Sirs:

Recently I made a wager with a friend, the outcome of which was to be contingent upon who would be "world professional tennis champion" for 1959. However, there seems to be a certain amount of confusion surrounding this title and how it is won. Is it won by the winner of the professional tour, or by the winner of the Tournament of Champions, or is it merely a phrase used by Kramer to publicize his tour? Any assistance you can give in solving this problem would be greatly appreciated.

ANTHONY A. KENNEDY
St. Lambert, Que.

● Jack Kramer set up this year's "championship" purely on a dollar basis. Gonzales beat out Hoad $29,900 to $29,100 because during the tour he was never defeated by the two new pros, Australians Cooper and Anderson. Hoad, although he won a greater number of head-to-head matches with Gonzales, lost the winner's share several times to both Cooper and Anderson.—ED.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Sirs:

The recent decision of the International Olympic Committee which put those social climbing Formosans into their place, *Bridge — a Cloud above Pole* [illegible], SI, June 15, has been greeted with applause by all right-thinking sports lovers. The committee should now turn its attention to another nation which has been participating under false pretenses for a number of years, namely, The United States of America. This is plainly an inaccurate designation which needs correction because the nation does not hold jurisdiction over a number of American states, such as Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Arkansas, Chile, etc. I suggest that they be required to participate under the title of "The Federated States of Middle North America, Alaska and Hawaii" and in this way remove the offensive title which has so concerned the participating athletes from other nations.

THOMAS D. ANDERSON
Meadville, Pa.

BASEBALL: SELF-EXPRESSION

Sirs:

Mr. Derek Colville spoke for countless southern Californians in his letter to the 19TH HOLE, SI, July 6.

The maneuvers and machinations of the O'Malley regime, with the support of

Angeleno so-called baseball writers, are indeed subject to a Senate investigation as far as a baseball monopoly is concerned.

The Dodgers have permitted Yankee broadcasts to infiltrate the sacred region on Saturdays and Sundays. However, there must be no conflict with Dodger games. If a Yankee game is not completed a half hour before a Dodger game commences, the Yankee game gets the ax—right now!

The Dodgers should have picked up the name of the departed Angels because, with the exception of Hank Hollingworth of the Long Beach *Independent*, they can do no wrong. Witness the scorekeeping done in the Coliseum, and you'll get an idea of what I mean. A Dodger has to pirouette twice, boot the ball thrice before he is racked with an error. Everything else is a hard-hit ball.

If this sounds bitter it is meant to be. How else can an American League fan express himself in this Yankee-hating bastion?

NEWCHY MIGNONE

Lakewood, Calif.

FISHING: A FIRST IN MEXICO?

Sirs:

The first Atlantic sailfish and tuna ever taken with rod and reel in Mexican waters of the Gulf of Mexico have been landed.

The sails were simultaneously hooked

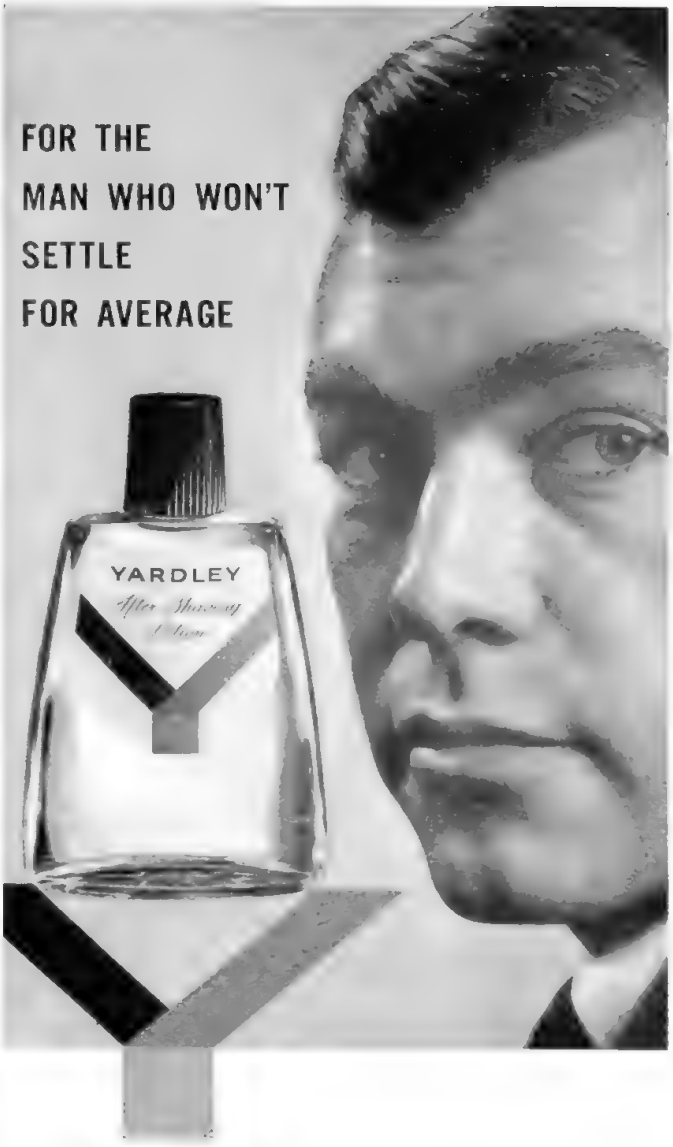
FIRST SAILFISH OFF TAMPICO

about 40 miles ESE off Tampico by Local Anglers Francisco L. Corcuera and Félix F. Florencia. Francisco L. Corcuera was a member of the 1956, 1957 and 1958 Mexican Tuna Cup Match Teams, who in 1957 won for the third time the Sharp Cup in Wedgeport, Nova Scotia.

Tampico has long been famous for its marvelous tarpon fishing in the Panuco River. Now Corcuera's and Florencia's sailfish exploits in the Gulf of Mexico undoubtedly will lead to a new sport fishing territory for North American salt water anglers.

J. F. CICERO

Tampico, Mexico



Yardley is made expressly for the man who knows the good things of life and intends to have them. If you are such a man, and like to see your money go a long way, try new Yardley After Shaving Lotion. Soothes razor burn, helps heal nicks. Its crisp tingle and cool, manly scent improve *any* shave, electric or lather. $1 plus tax

You'll like all Yardley products for good grooming. Preferred by men of the world around the world.

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You NEED NOT INHALE to enjoy them

TREND 20 CIGARS

TREND Mild LITTLE CIGARS

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TREND

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- Modern size . . . long enough for full enjoyment, short enough to enjoy any time
- 100% mild cigar tobaccos, blended with fine Havana . . . uniform tobacco wrapper.

Try them today . . . the *milder*, modern-size little cigars. Carton includes free cigar holder

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- Filter tip protection . . . true cigar flavor . . . convenient modern size

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Stephan Brothers *Cigar Div.* Piqua, O. Pat.

PIONEER IN MODERN LITTLE CIGARS

Pat on the Back

MORLAN NELSON

'Timeless beauty and meaning'

"Since the days of Genghis Khan the sport of falconry has remained unchanged. Our techniques and terminology are virtually the same as they were centuries ago. The beauty and meaning of the sport—hunter and falconer working together in trust—is timeless." This is how Morlan Nelson, shown here holding the falcon, Tundra, explains his sport.

Nelson, a Boise, Idaho sportsman and conservation aide, is probably the most skillful and dedicated falconer of the small band which practices the ancient sport in the U.S. As a boy on his father's North Dakota ranch Nelson used to watch the incredibly fast raptors strike and seize waterfowl in mid-air—and by the time he was 12 he had caught and trained his first hawk. Today Nelson's mews houses three falcons, a goshawk and Clyde, a magnificent Golden Eagle who has appeared in several Walt Disney nature films. Each bird, caught by Nelson as a fledgling, requires patient and exhaustive training because of the completely voluntary association between the falconer and his swooping, soaring hunter. "The falconer," explains Nelson, "has no reprimand. The bird must return of his own will to become again a part of the team in which man plays the minor role."

YESTERDAY / *William F. Nolan*

It's me, Barney Oldfield!

But was it? The legendary showman was an enigma even at the peak of his career

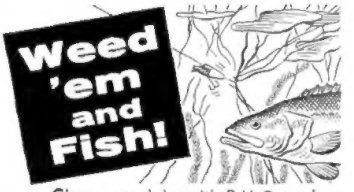
IN late October of 1902, just seven years after America's first automobile race (in Chicago), when the lusty new sport was the special plaything of such gentleman drivers as Foxhall Keene and William K. Vanderbilt, a group of men and cars gathered at a Michigan horse track in Grosse Pointe to determine the fastest combination around the mile dirt oval. Automobile manufacturer Alexander Winton was expected to win in his fast Bullet as usual, but when the field roared away an unknown driver, leaning desperately over the tiller bar of Henry Ford's special 999, put on a fantastic display of speed, sliding the dusty turns at full throttle and winning the race over Winton by a decisive margin.

The newcomer was 24-year-old Berna Eli (Barney) Oldfield—and while he had gained a fair reputation as a bicycle racer this was his first try at automotive competition.

Born in a log farmhouse near Wauseon, Ohio in 1878, Barney had quit school at 15 to help support the family. One job quickly followed another: water boy on a railroad gang (at a dollar a day), kitchen helper at an insane asylum, bellhop and elevator operator in Toledo. Finally, after he'd done quite well in a few local bike races, he was offered a position as a "paid amateur" for the Stearns bicycle factory in 1896.

continued

DIRT TRACK MONEYMAN BARNEY OLDFIELD CHOMPS ON FAMILIAR CIGAR STUB



Clean your lake with R-H Granular Weed Rhap-20. Kills most water or aquatic weeds. Safe for fish, swimmers and water supply. One treatment lasts all season. See your dealer or write

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Since 1868 *Chicago's Premier Restaurant*

HENRICI's

RANDOLPH STREET between Dearborn & Clark

Chicago's State Street Council and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED invite you to

A SALUTE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN GAMES

A daily, noon-time, 1-hour, spectacular

SPORTS FESTIVAL

Outstanding sports stars in regular demonstrations of track and field, fancy diving, basketball, baseball, football, archery, tennis, and golf . . .

See stars like these in action: Pat McCormick, Dr. Sammy Lee, Bob Clotworthy, Rev. Bob Richards, Jesse Owens, Bob Mathias, Bob Cousy, Elgin Baylor, Pancho Segura, Elroy Hirsch, and lots more . . .

August 3,4,5,6,7,8

Your State Street Council member store will give you times and locations of all performances. Come and bring the whole family!

HISTORIC PAIR, Oldfield and Henry Ford (*right*), stand by Ford's famous 999 in 1902. Oldfield drove the stripped-down chassis 54.87 mph to set his first great speed record.

Automobile racing, however, was to claim him wholly after that initial victory at Grosse Pointe in 1902—and his name was soon to become a legend in his own time, a synonym for speed in that restless era at the turn of the century when the motorcar was still a bellowing new infant in America.

His exploits are history now: He was the first American to drive a mile a minute in an automobile; he claimed every world's record from one to 50 miles in the Peerless Green Dragon; he set a new mark (131.724 mph) at Daytona Beach in 1910 in his powerful Lightning Benz; he became the undisputed king of the dirt tracks, winning hundreds of exhibition and match races; he tamed the deadliest racing machine in America, the front-drive Killer Christie, in which he set a new lap record at Indianapolis in 1916 the day before the classic "500." In 1917 he went into semiretirement, the idol of his generation, having competed in over 2,000 events during his fabled career.

WHAT WAS THE TRUTH?

These, then, are the feats he accomplished. But what of the personality behind them; what of the man himself? Was he indeed the brilliant, unbeatable champion that legend paints him?

In truth, Barney Oldfield was *not* a brilliant driver—and he was often beaten. Ralph De Palma, his bitterest rival, outdrove him on numerous occasions, sometimes in much slower cars. And Oldfield never ranked higher than fourth on AAA yearly championship listings after 1909, generally finishing much lower. For several years he was an "outlaw," banned from AAA events because of his erratic behavior and deliberate rule flouting. During this period he often drove against a pack of his own hired stooges in small tank towns across country, coining as much as $3,000 in a single afternoon. Oldfield's AAA-sanctioned record shows 101 victories, yet only *two* of these were championship events, and many of the records he claimed were timed by his own clockers. They were not official.

Despite all this, he occasionally displayed great driving prowess. In the European-dominated 1914 Indianapolis 500-mile classic he was the first U.S. driver under the flag, finishing fifth in his Stutz; and in November of that same year he won the grueling three-day Los Angeles to Phoenix Desert Classic over a crack field in an outclassed sprint car geared for short-track racing. At the end of the race Oldfield was awarded a medal studded with diamonds that proclaimed him "Master Driver of the World."

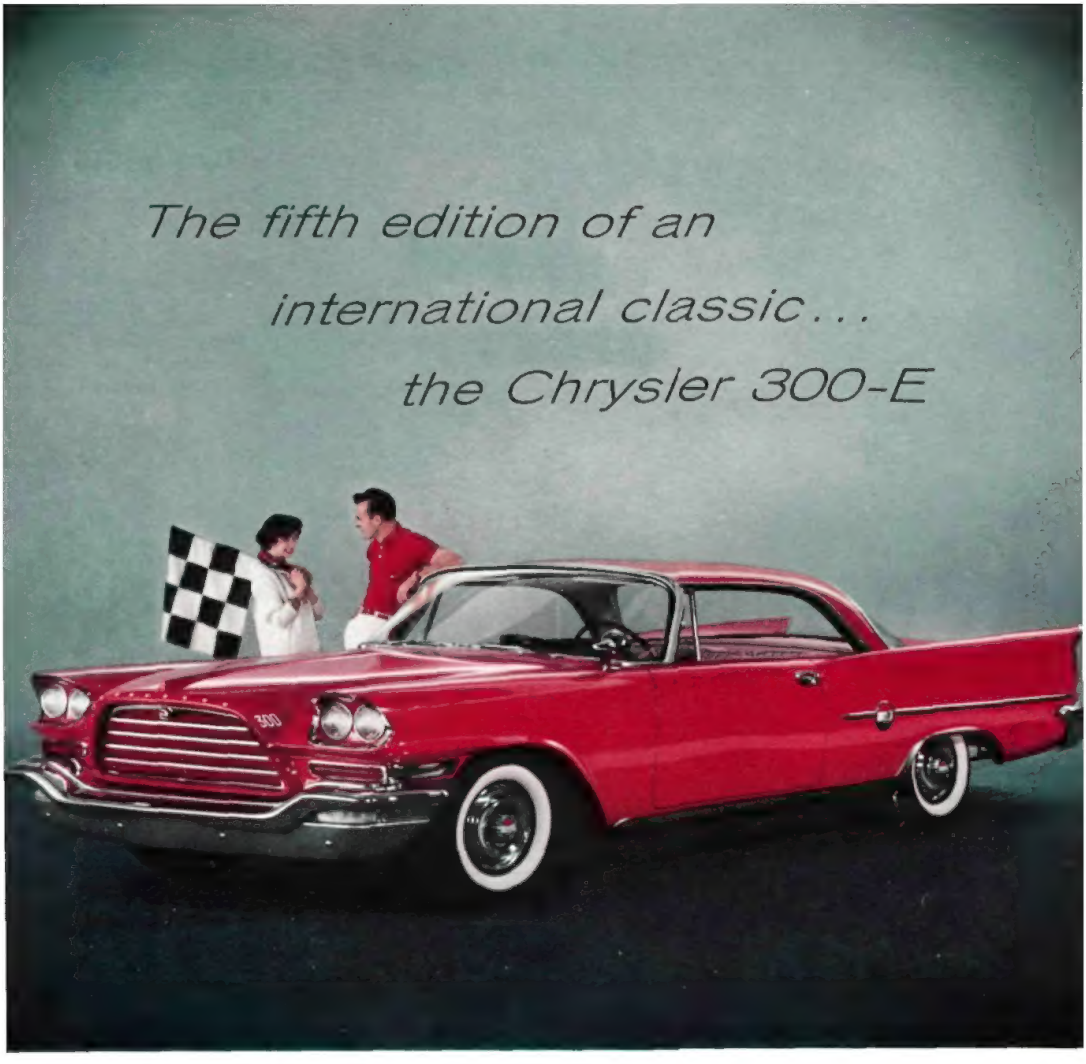
But his actual talent, minor or major, had little to do with the legend that grew around him. Even at his worst he was one of the most colorful figures the sport has ever known, a square-shouldered, loud-talking, lovable, brash ruffian with a strong flair for the dramatic and a canny knowledge of his public. He clenched an unlit cigar stub between his teeth as he drove—and that became one of his famous trademarks. He sent squads of publicity men ahead of him with large circus-type posters flamboyantly announcing the appearance of the "Master Driver of the World." Married four times (twice to the same woman, Bessie Gooby, whom he met while in a St. Louis hospital after one of his many spectacular crashes), he romanced a flock of high-spirited young ladies from New York to San Francisco. He wore gaudy silk neckties and imported suits—cutting a resplendent if somewhat overdressed figure at noisy postrace celebrations.

In 1910 Oldfield accepted a challenge from the wild-driving heavyweight champion Jack Johnson to meet him in an auto race and parlayed the resultant publicity into a tidy sum (though the affair cost him an AAA suspension). Later, with the treacherous Christie, which had brought death to its inventor and injured many others who could not master its wicked fishtailing rear end, he engaged Stunt Flyer Lincoln Beachey in special exhibition matches billed as the Deadly Flying Machine vs. the Killer Automobile!

And he made a fortune from it all. When he'd shout from the cockpit: "You know me, Barney Oldfield!" the crowds went wild. He was a god of the road, bringing speed to every small town in America, and a generation cheered him in defeat as well as in glorious—or spurious—victory.

Although Barney Oldfield died quietly in his bed at 68 in Beverly Hills, California, the fearless legendary daredevil, who had crouched over a wood-rimmed steering wheel, a stubby cigar clenched defiantly between his teeth, still lives on in a nation's memory. **END**

REUNITED PAIR, Barney and Bessie, sign license before second marriage in 1945.



A new sight and sound of motion. Muffled roar of readiness. Blur of action. Low lines flashing. Tires tenaciously holding a turn. Clean length knifing through clear and crisp air. Compact. Confident. *This is 300-E adventure!* These are the measurements of Chrysler's finest performer:

All-new V-8 engine, 10.1 to 1 compression ratio, 413 cu. in. displacement, high-output camshaft, twin 4-barrel carburetors, 380 horsepower (5200 rpm), 450 foot-pounds of torque (3600 rpm). Fully automatic 3-speed transmission with torque-converter. Torsion bar front suspension. Power steering, 3½ turns lock to lock. Power brakes with 250 sq. in. area. 9:00 x 14 sports tires—standard.

CHRYSLER 300 E

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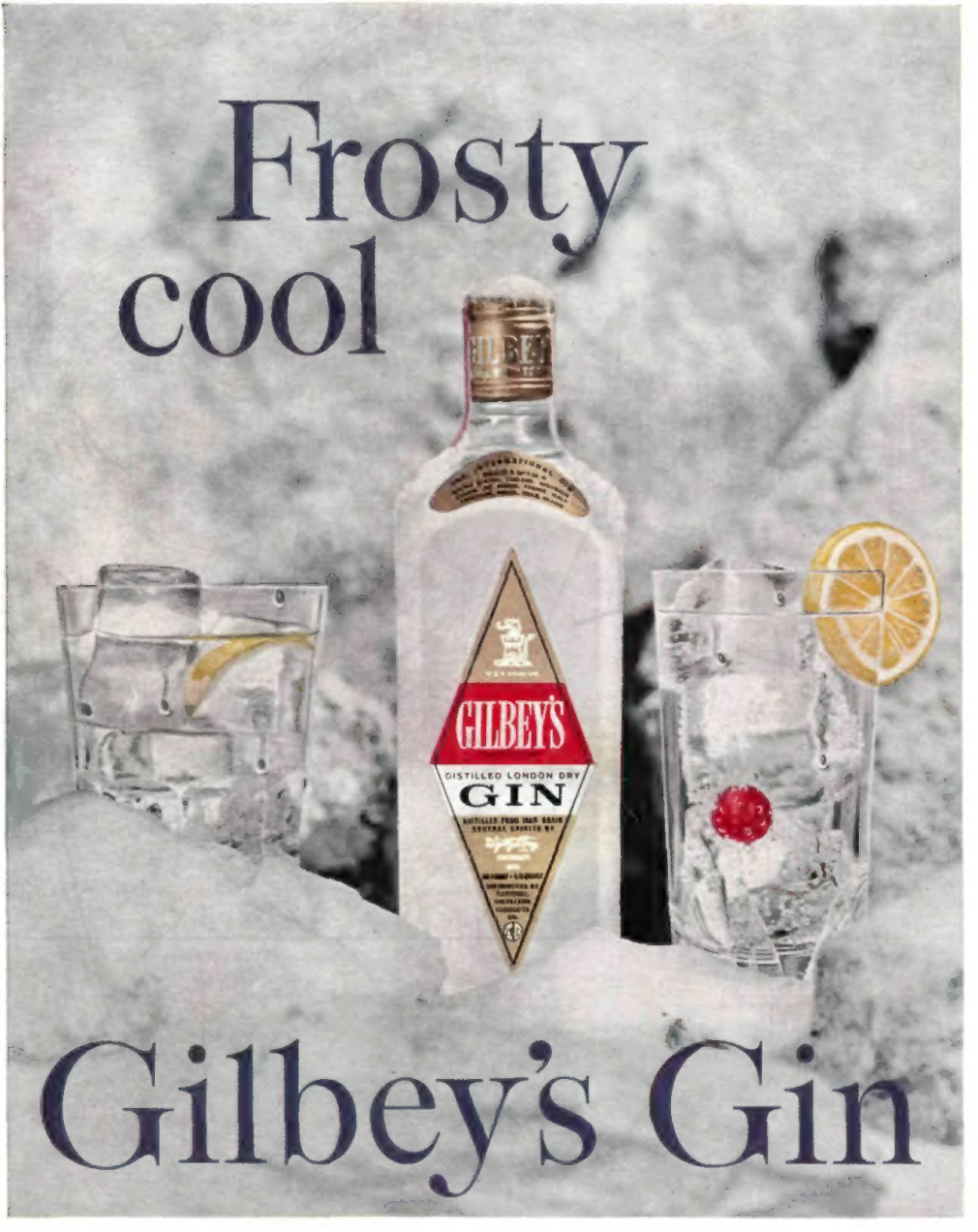

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